

## MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

FOURTH PICTURE.—TOILET SCENE.

*From Hogarth's Works.—By the Rev. J. Trusler.*

By the old peer's death our fair heroine has attained the summit of her wishes, and become a countess. Intoxicated by this elevation, and vain of her new dignity, she ranges through the whole circle of frivolous amusements, and treads every maze of fashionable dissipation. Her excesses are rendered still more criminal, by the consequent neglect of domestic duties; for, by the coral on the back of her chair, we are led to suppose that she is a mother. Her morning levee is crowded with persons of rank, and attended by her paramour, and that contemptible shadow of a man, an Italian singer, with whose dulcet notes two of our right honorable group seem in the highest degree enraptured.

That our extravagant countess purchased the pipe of this expensive exotic in mere compliance to the fashion of the day, without any real taste for his mellifluous warblings, is intimated by the absorbed attention which she pays to the advocate, who, with the luxuriant indolent grace of an eastern effendi, is lolling on a sofa beside her. By his pointing to the folding screen, on which is delineated a masquerade revel, at the same time that he shows his infatuated innamorato a ticket of admission, we see that they are making an assignation for the evening. The fatal consequences of their unfortunate meeting are displayed in the two succeeding plates. A Swiss servant, who is dressing her hair, has all the grimace of his country; he is the complete Canton of the Clandestine Marriage. The contemptuous leer of a black footman, serving chocolate, is evidently directed to the singer, and forms an admirable contrast to the die-away lady seated before him, who, lost to every sense but that of hear-

ing, is exalted to the third heaven by the enchanting song of this pampered Italian. On the country gentleman, with a whip in his hand, it has quite a different effect; with the echoing tally ho! he would be exhilarated; by the soft sounds of Italia, his soul is lulled to rest. The fine feeling creature with a fan suspended from its wrist is marked with that foolish face of praise, which understands nothing, but admires everything—that it is the ton to admire! The taper supporters of monsieur, en papillote, are admirably opposed to the lumbering pedestals of our mummy of music. The figure behind him blows a flute with every muscle of his face. A little black boy, in the opposite corner, examining a collection of grotesque china ornaments, which have been purchased at the sale of Esquire Timothy Babyhouse, pays great attention to a figure of Acteon, and, with a very significant leer, points to his horns. Under a delineation of Jupiter and Leda, on a china dish, is written *Julio Romano!* The fantastic group of hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire, which lie near it, are an admirable specimen of the absurd and shapeless monsters which disgraced our drawing-rooms, until the introduction of Etrurian ornaments.

The pictures in this dressing-room are well suited to the profligate proprietor, and may be further intended as a burlesque on the strange and grossly indelicate subjects so frequently painted by ancient masters. *Lot and his Daughters; Ganymede and the Eagle; Jupiter and Io; and a portrait of the young lawyer, who is the favorite, the cicis-beo, or more properly, the seducer of the countess.*

## ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.

By solemn custom in the olden time,  
The squire deemed worthy to be dubbed a knight  
Kept vigil lore, from evensong to prime,  
Within the church—all in his armour bright.

And standing reverent, or kneeling low,  
For past misdeeds did Heaven's forgiveness pray,

And guidance ask that he might bear him so  
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As true knight ought—in deed and word  
always.

And, when the shadows of the night had waned,  
And while the matin mass the priests intone,  
He on the altar laid his sword unstained,  
As dedicate thenceforth to God alone.

So kneels our England e'er she goeth out  
A knight—to battle in a godly cause,  
Humbling herself—but not as one in doubt,  
If God will bless the weapon that she draws.

She layeth down the burden of her sin,  
Knowing it great, and hard to be forgiven;  
And, for the strife that she must now begin  
Looks up for strength where true strength is  
—to Heaven.

And Heaven will hear her prayer and aid her  
hand.

For it is lifted to defend the weak;  
To put down force and falsehood from command,  
And Heaven's own vengeance for ill deeds to  
wreak.

Then stand by, selfish scoffer, with thy sneer  
Of "Cross and Crescent"—creeds to deeds  
belong.

The Holy Symbol we then most revere  
When we deny its power to sanction wrong!  
*Punch.*

#### VALOUR UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MARCH, march, pipeclayed and belted in,  
That is to say you must march in good order;  
March, march, broiling sun melted in,  
Stocks all so tight that on choking you border;  
Martinet's anger dread,  
If you can turn your head  
Martinet, stubborn as any old Tory;  
Shave, and make ready, then,  
Half-strangled Englishmen,  
March on, as well as you're able, to glory!  
*Punch.*

Boston, April 20th.

DEAR LIVING AGE:—

In No. 518 I find this Query:—"Where are  
the following lines to be found? What is the  
context?"

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more."

The answer to these questions is contained  
in the accompanying song by LOVEFACE, a  
writer in the time of Charles I.

#### SONG.

TO LUCUSTA.—*Going to the Wars.*

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVEFACE.

ANSWER TO THE CONUNDRUM AT PAGE 482.  
Because there is a *b* in both.

#### AMERICAN AUTHORS.

SCRIBNER, of this city, announces his intention to publish, the coming season, a work entitled, "An Encyclopedia of American Literature," embracing personal and critical notices of authors, with passages from their writings, from the earliest period to the present day, with portraits, autographs and other illustrations.

For the purpose of rendering the book as complete as possible, and as faithful as may be to the memories and claims of the families and personages whose literary interests will be represented in it, he has addressed a circular to all who have ever done what Solomon wished that his enemies might be convicted, of doing, of writing a book. In the circular he says:

"The plan of the work is, to furnish the public, at one view, notices of the lives and writings of all American authors of importance. As it is quite probable you may have in your possession material or information which you would like the opportunity of seeing noticed in such a publication, you will serve the objects of the work by a reply to this circular, in such answers to the following suggestions as may appear desirable or convenient to you:

"1. Dates of birth, parentage, education, residence, with such biographical information and anecdote, as you may think proper to be employed in such a publication.

"2. Names and dates of books published, references to articles in reviews, magazines, &c., of which you may be the author.

"3. Family notices and sources of information touching American authors no longer living, of whom you may be the representative.

"Dates, facts, and precise information, in reference to points which have not been noticed in collections of this kind, or which may have been misstated, are desirable. Your own judgment will be the best guide as to the material of this nature which should be employed in a work which it is intended shall be of general interest and of a national character. It will represent the whole country, its only aim being to exhibit to the readers a full, fair and entertaining account of the literary products thus far of America.

"It is trusted that the plan of the work will engage your sympathy and concurrence, and that you will find in it a sufficient motive for a reply to this circular. The materials which you may communicate will be employed, so far as is consistent with the limits and necessary literary unity of the work, for the preparation of which I have engaged Evert A. and George L. Duyckinck, who have been prominently before the public for several years in a similar connection, as editors of the *Literary World*."

The execution of such a work could not be intrusted to more capable persons than the Messrs. Duyckinck, and if they will publish all the replies they receive to the circular, verbatim, we will promise it a larger circulation than any American book ever had before.

*New York Evening Post.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

PROFESSOR WILSON—"CHRISTOPHER NORTH."

SINCE our last number appeared, the country has lost another of its great literary celebrities, Professor Wilson. Having all but completed his three-score years and ten, the poet of the "Isle of Palms"—the author of the inextinguishable laughter of the "Noctes"—the brilliant and high-toned lecturer on man's Moral Being, has been gathered to his fathers. He was the last of the galaxy of poets which the past generation produced—and, as such, his death marks an era. Byron, Southey, Moore, Wordsworth, Campbell, Coleridge, Scott, and now Wilson, are all gone; and we are fairly entered on a new era, and a new school of poetry, which, though exhibiting abundant beauty of its own, is not likely, it must be said, to rival, either in popularity or enduring fame, that of the generation now closed. On a level with none of the illustrious authors mentioned above would we place Wilson as a poet, but as a man he was greater than any of them; and we feel, that while paying this just but feeble tribute to his memory, that it is no vain phrase to say that, "take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

It was a curious position, and one in many respects without a parallel, which Wilson occupied in the public eye. It was not merely as an author, but far more as a man, that he was remarkable. He had become almost personally familiar to an extent which few authors ever attain, even although their works should have attracted a higher degree of celebrity than any one of his; and this personal celebrity was magnified, though, in some measure also distorted, by the way in which the actual man was associated, in the mind of the public, with all the sayings and doings of that most successful of mythical personages—"Christopher North."

We need not dwell upon the story of his life; although, in competent hands, the biography of this most genial-hearted, exuberant, and rarely-gifted man ought to make one of the most fascinating memoirs that ever issued from the press. The son of a wealthy cloth-manufacturer of Paisley, he was born in that town on the 19th of May, 1785; and after being boarded for some years at the manse of Mearns—a parish lying midway between Paisley and Glasgow,—he was transferred to the University of Glasgow, and subsequently to that of Oxford, where he entered Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner. Here his native genius began to show itself; and, among other honors, he carried off the Newdegate prize of fifty

guineas for an English poem of as many lines, on the subject of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture—a production which, doubtless justly, he afterwards regarded as a mere boyish effect. Upon quitting Oxford, he purchased the beautiful estate of Ellera, on the banks of Lake Windermere; and in the picturesque beauty of this now celebrated district, as well as in the company of his brother-poet Wordsworth, he found much to minister to his naturally high poetic temperament. Wordsworth and he became fast friends—although the sedate, unimpassioned (and, for paradox sake, we may say, prosaic) poet of the Lyrical Ballads and the "Excursion" was in character the very antipodes of the irrepressibly buoyant, enthusiastic, and idealizing youth who so soon afterwards delighted the public, and shocked the old stagers of the literary world, by his brilliant sallies in the "Noctes." At Windermere he was Admiral of the Lakes, and led the way in his yacht on occasion of the memorable visit of Scott and Canning to that romantic locality. Strange anecdotes are told of his eccentricity, and adventurous spirit during this period of his life; many, if not most, of which, however, we must warn our readers, are nothing better than myths engendered in the heated mind of the public, by those fanciful and humorous exaggerations of his peculiarities which he delighted to dash off in the character of Christopher North. In this hey day of his life, Wilson was distinguished by that fine physical development and lion-like port, upon which, even until lately, years produced but little effect, and which among his college friends acquired for him a pre-eminence in the boating, pugilistic and other athletic exercises in which the youth of England delight so much to engage. What is true of many other eminent men, is said to have been true of Wilson, namely, that he was more his mother's son than his father's. Traditional remembrances of this lady's wit and beauty are still preserved; and if report can be believed, the resemblance was as marked in the physical as in the mental characteristics of her son. In the flush of early youth, he must have been a very model of manly beauty; and his magnificent face and head would have satisfied the most fastidious disciples of the school either of Spurzheim or Lavater.

Having been obliged, in consequence of profuse expenditure and some reverses of fortune, to abandon his romantic retreat at the lakes, Wilson returned to Scotland, and rejoined his widowed mother, then residing in Edinburgh. He adopted the law as his nominal profession, but probably with no fixed intention of practising it. In 1818 he became a candidate for the chair of Moral

Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; and although great opposition was made to him, on account of his sporting predilections and exuberant disregard for conventionalities, yet the influence of Scott, Wordsworth, and other men of eminence sufficed to secure his election. It was in the previous year that *Blackwood's Magazine* was established—a periodical which, from its seventh number downwards (though latterly by intermitting fits), continued to draw more memorable support from him than, perhaps, any journal ever did from the pen of an individual writer.

He was not at any time the editor of that Magazine, but he was its intellectual Atlas, and probably exercised an important influence on the *role* which that publication has since played in the world of letters. Although no man but himself could have so successfully triumphed, single-handed, over Jeffrey and the frigid Whig coteries of Edinburgh, and although frequently put forward as the mouthpiece of his party, Wilson's political position was in a manner accidental only. He dashed off his telling articles with infinite zest—he loved nothing better than to astonish, and ridicule, and castigate the starched-up literary priggism of Edinburgh Whiggery; but his mind was too broad, his sympathies too catholic, for him long to remain a political partisan, and he gradually betook himself to the more lastingly congenial field of general literature. A selection from the contributions of his eloquent pen to this magazine were published in 1842, under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North," which manifest, in a remarkable degree, that true poetry and fairy-like fancy with which his other works are characterised.

These "Recreations" are, in many respects a very remarkable work. They consist partly of exquisite criticism in the vein peculiar to Wilson—in which the book reviewed is lost sight of in the all-pervading personality of the reviewer. But the greater and still more delightful portion, is that which depicts scenes in the life of "Christopher" himself. In these he idealizes the events of his youthful life. The past rises up before the mind's eye of the ardent writer, with all its main features unchanged, but eclectically gathered into artistic groups, and bathed and consecrated in that "light than never was on shore or sea." It is a beneficent provision of our nature that, as the Past recedes from us, its sunny hours linger longest on the memory—its shadows and clouds soon disappear in the distance, leaving its bright spots alone in view. The Past, in truth, as Emerson says, is ever a poet, bathing our youthful days in *couleur-de-rose*; and in the fairy world of memory, as well as of reality, we experience the truth of Kents's happy

saying, that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Wilson was born of affluent parents, and he seems to have been tenderly cared for; and these "Recreations" everywhere bear throughout them the impress of a happy youth. His temperament was one peculiarly fitted for the enjoyment of the impetuous sports and joys of youth; and often, amidst the gravest moralising or the finest criticism, we find him fondly recurring to his and his fellow-boarders' adventures on the Moor of Mearns, to the pools and banks of Humble Burn; the trouts in the "Four Lochs," and all the ongoings, whether merry or sad, of the good people of what he still affectionately calls "Our Parish." Not less dearly does he refer to "my father's house," to which he and his brothers used to return at the Christmas or midsummer holidays, somewhere near the old Abbey of Paisley. "That house," he says, "to my eyes the fairest of earthly dwellings, with its old ivied turrets and orchard-garden, bright alike with fruit and with flowers," but of which, he says, not one stone now remains. "The very brook that washed its foundation has vanished along with them; and a crowd of other buildings, wholly without character, has long stood where here a single tree, and there a grove, did once render so lovely that small demesne; which, how could we, who thought it the very heart of Paradise, even for one moment have believed, was one day to be blotted out of being, and we ourselves—then so linked in love that the band which bound us altogether was, in its gentle pressure, felt not, nor understood—to be scattered far and abroad, like so many leaves that, after one wild parting rustle, are separated by roaring wind-eddies and brought together no more!"

With hardly less fondness, in these "Recreations," does he dwell on Windermere, the Lakes, and Ellera. And well might he dwell on such *souvenirs*, for, apart from the romantic loveliness of that district, where so much of his early manhood was spent, it was there that he met with one, "whose grace and goodness," said Lockhart, with touching delicacy, after she was no more, "could have found no fitter home than Ellera, except *where she is now*." The object of his attachment was a young English lady of some fortune, and of much personal attractions; and it was under the mild, sunny radiance of his early married life with this lady, that Wilson made his first definite essay in poetry in his "Elegy on the Death of Grahme," and the "Isle of Palms." His partner was one every way worthy of him; and it has been said by one who knew her well, that "if ever there was a woman to be sorrowed for throughout a widowed



life, it was she—so opposite to the dazzling, impetuous spirit of her mate, in the beautiful gentleness and equanimity of her temper, yet adapting herself so entirely to his tastes, and repaid by such a deep and lasting affection." Her death was a blow which Wilson felt with all the deep tenderness of his nature, and when he resumed his duties at the University after that event, he made his apology to his class for not having examined their essays, in the exquisite and touching words—"I could not see to read them in the darkness of the valley and shadow of death!"

We may mention also, as illustrative of the undying affection which Wilson cherished for this amiable and attractive lady, that when recently conversing with a young friend (who attended the Professor in almost the last course of lectures which he delivered) as to the powerful influence which the earnest eloquence of Wilson so often produced on his hearers, our ex-student mentioned, as the most memorable instance of this which he remembered, a lecture upon Memory, in which the Professor was describing the way in which a long-widowed husband would look back upon the early partner of his lot. The warm eloquence of the lecturer held his audience enchained. On and on he went, waxing more and more touching and impressive, and his face lighting up with emotion as the words came rushing to his lips. His eyes began to fill with moisture—then the lower jaw began to tremble—and at last, overpowered by his emotions, the old man stopped in mid career, and buried his head in his arms on the desk before him. For a minute there was perfect stillness in the class; but when Wilson again raised his head, and two big tears were seen rolling down his cheeks as he essayed to proceed, his voice was drowned in the loud cheers of the young students around him.

It is instructive to mark the several stages in the literary career of this eminent man. First we have the "Isle of Palms," and his other poems, characterized by a dreamy beauty, a graceful diffuseness, and exhibiting sentiment and action too idealised to take a sufficiently strong hold upon the interest of the reader. Next we have the astonishing and unique prose of his "Noctes," overflowing with the richest humour, and in all its parts redolent with the spirit of the banquet; and, moreover, indulging in playful exaggerations, which, being taken as literal facts by a large portion of the public, won for the really temperate Wilson a reputation for excessive conviviality and eccentricities which belonged only to the ideal "Christopher North." Next, passing from this region of boisterous mirth, we come to his "Recreations," over which a gentler feeling presides.

Here we find humour dissociated from its rougher concomitant, and blent in delightful union with that *tender, idealising spirit of beauty*, which was the strongest characteristic of Wilson's mind, ever and anon interspersed with passages of profoundest thought. Lastly, we come to the final series with which he enriched the pages of *Blackwood*—his "Dies Boreales,"—a series so called in graceful antagonism to his "Ambrosial Nights," and which (containing some of the finest passages he ever wrote) evidence on every page what a mighty change had deepened over that flashing intellect with the lapse of years. Wilson's spirit was always a religious one. Amidst all the freaks and extravagances of his earlier years, the religious feeling remained unobscured, and grew, as such feelings ought ever to grow, in strength, as he advanced on the journey of life. Disregardful of conventionalities, the refuge of weak minds, and disdaining hypocrisy in every shape, Wilson's religion had nothing in it akin to that of the formalist, and was far profounder and more pervading than any mere sentiment. It lay firm and strong, the very basis of his nature; and in these "Dies Boreales," the last of which was written after his retirement from the Professor's chair, and when every one thought his literary career was forever closed, this deeply religious spirit shines forth in augmented strength and beauty. It has grown robust since the youthful days of his poetry—it has grown far wiser, more practical, more searching, more profound, but still marked, as of yore, with that width of sympathy and genial spirit of love which so endeared the man to all who knew him. Profound and subtle thought, relieved by a graceful humour, forms the staple of these latest productions of his eloquent pen; but throughout them all there breathes the religious spirit of which we have spoken, mingling with and hallowing their beauties—at once solemn and brilliant, a Boreal sky with all its stars.

Both in his poetry and in his prose, Wilson exhibited peculiar talents, which suffice to distinguish his writings from those of any other author. It cannot be doubted that he was stronger in his prose than in his verse; or rather, we should say, he threw more genuine poetry into his prose writings than he ever did into his poems. Nor is it difficult to understand how this should be, when we recollect that he may be said to have left the field of poetry when his mind was scarcely out of its juvenescence. The muse of Wilson deals only with the gentler and purer feelings of our nature, and with the more refined and delicate perceptions; and even in the description of human misery

and wickedness, he cannot help mingling some ethereal and redeeming touches. "By the youthful genius of Wilson," says Delta, "it seems to have been felt something like sin to approach the confines of guilt and crime, or to delineate any of the darker and more repulsive features of human nature. His contemplations are all of the soft and serene; even his descriptions are confined to the fair and beautiful; the rugged under his touch acquires a moonlight shading; sorrow becomes sanctified, and the thunder-storm, along with its devouring lightning, has ever its fertilising shower. It is his bathing all his characters in the 'purple light of love,' which unfits Professor Wilson for shining as a poet of consummate dramatic power." While in the act of composition, his mind seems to have been worked up to a kind of exalted reverie, in which he saw the material world, with its lovely valleys and magnificent mountains, its murmuring rivers and rolling oceans, its sheeted lakes and umbrageous forests, outstretched before him in one vast panorama of phantasmagorical pageantry. And one of the great defects of his earlier poetry will be found to result from the "fatal facility" with which, in these hours of inspiration, he found expression for his exuberant wealth of thought and imagery.

In our opinion, the *vis poetica* was stronger in Wilson than in, perhaps, any author that ever lived. Even to look at him was sufficient to impress one with a sense of the peculiar vividness of the poetic faculty in him. His face was instinct with feeling, joined to an expression of power that proved the emotions to be no mere vapour that could influence so much strength. His eye, full of the "lightnings of genius," was the most inspired one we ever beheld; and his appearance when animated—his noble head, with its flashing eyes, and wild-fleeting hair, and the sympathetic motion of his frame—was more like that of the inspired bards of Israel than any other ideal we can fancy.\* His style was a faithful exponent of the man; and it has been remarked of his prose writings, that he "approaches more nearly than any modern since Burke, to that wild prophetic movement of style and manner which the bards of Israel exhibit—nay, more nearly even than Burke, since with Wilson it is

a perpetual afflatus." That he did not do more, therefore, in the region of pure poetry, is mainly due to his idiosyncrasies—to his aversion for the shackles of rhyme and rhythm, and to that impatience of systematic labour and the perfecting of details, which marked the whole character of the man. As is usual with temperaments like his, long fits of indolence were broken by bursts of intellectual vigour. He needed no aid of stimulants to awake his weird-like power; but often he might have been seen pacing his room rapidly to and fro, when on the eve of some literary task, muttering and speaking to himself, as thought upon thought came rushing upon him; until the tide of inspiration broke over him, exalting his faculties, and laying the whole theme plain and map-like before him; and then the pen was seized, and the task was accomplished with the rapidity of a *Cæsar's veni, vidi, vici*—with the hurry and rush as of a charge of cavalry. His handwriting, curiously enough, reflected the change which occurred in his intellectual temperament when he forsook verse for prose. The manuscript of the "Isle of Palms," that dreamy and paradisaical tale of the sea, is singularly elegant and clear; but as he advanced in years and threw himself impetuously into that poetic prose which proved so congenial to him, his manuscript broke the fetters of grace and neatness, and became bounding and leaping, hurrying along in almost illegible haste, and evidently tasked to the uttermost to keep pace with the rapid outpourings of the mental fountains.

Poetry was but one and the earliest phase of Wilson's many-sided character; and we have said that it is marked by a dreamy beauty, sometimes splendor, and a fancy too ethereal to take a strong hold of the heart. His prose writings are more difficult to characterize. They are the outpourings of an improvisatore; unequal, but fascinating; full of power and variety; ranging from pictures of ideal beauty to defiant humour; now throwing out pregnant suggestions for thought, and again dashing off graphic descriptions, that place their subjects visibly before the mind's eye of the reader. His style is like the rushing of a strong river, whose every tone, from its lightest laughing ripple to the thunder of the waterfall, is

\* Lockhart, writing of Wilson, five-and-thirty years ago, says:—"The effect of his features was 'more eloquent, both in its gravity and in its levity, than almost any countenance I am acquainted with, is in any one cast of expression; and yet I am not without my suspicions that the versatility of its language may in the end take away from its power. In a convivial meeting,—more particularly after the two first hours are over—the beauty to which men are most alive in any piece of eloquence is that which depends on its being impregnated and insinuated with feeling. Of this beauty no eloquence can be more full than that of Mr. John Wilson. His

declamation is often loose and irregular to an extent that is not quite worthy of a man of his fine education and masculine powers; but all is redeemed, and more than redeemed, by his rich abundance of quick, generous, and expansive feeling. The flashing brightness, and now and then the still more expressive dimness of his eye, and the tremulous music of a voice that is equally at home in the highest and the lowest of notes, and the attitude bent forward with an earnestness to which the graces could make no valuable addition, altogether compose an index which they that run may read, a rod of communication to whose electricity no heart is barred."

wondrously melodious; whose crystal flood pictures in easy, but often startling succession, every change of scenery in its way, reflecting in beauty all things in earth and sky; now fairy-like, with its airy spray and rainbow-tinted foam; now leaping joyously, exultingly, exuberantly, as if inebriate Tritons urged its course; and in all times, and in all places, exhibiting strength and beauty in a rare union—in a union (why should it not be said?) like that exhibited in his own person, ere years had replaced by the venerable the graces of youth. Whether as a writer or an orator, he passed without an effort from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." Who that ever heard it, can have forgotten his magnificent description of the "Stoic of the Woods"—a passage which made even Sir William Hamilton, cool and unimpassioned as he was, start to his feet? Who does not remember his splendid critiques on Shakespeare's plays, as illustrative of the operation of the passions; or fail to recall the happy phrase in which he characterized the last action of Desdemona as a "holy lie?"

As a critic, Professor Wilson was never equalled in his peculiar walk. He not only pronounced singularly correct and happily-expressed literary judgments, but he always gave admirable reasons for them; and, moreover, (and this is his distinguishing feature,) he threw into his articles so much original thinking, as to raise these unique disquisitions far above the sphere of mere reviewing, into that of original poetic teaching. As this magazine once remarked of him, when yet alive, "minute, marvellously searching and profound, and lightening the profundity of his reflections by a vein of the most genial humor—rivaling Jeffrey in delicacy, transcending him immeasurably in genius, originality, and power—this extraordinary man unites the loveliness of a poet's heart and fancy to the subtle analysis of the moral philosopher. His criticism, which restricts itself to Art as expressed in literature, is of the widest range, from a single word or phrase up to the general character of a whole work. Often, with the brevity and brilliance, which none but a poet may aspire to, he presents the essence or spirit of a work in a few sentences of exquisite beauty; condensing the grand ideas or airy thoughts of the author into statue-like forms, the offspring of his own poetic creation. But it is minute criticism, it is brilliant analysis, that is his peculiar province: it is in his "Essay on Byron's Address to the Ocean," or on the *Time* of Shakespeare's Tragedies, that his *modus operandi* is most characteristic; and in this no one can approach him."

The great bane of criticism is generally its narrow and carping spirit, arising, on the one hand, from envy, and on the other from the fact that most men are able to view things only from one (and that is their own) point of view. In truth, true criticism—which embraces an exposition of the beauties, as well as a dissection of the blemishes of a work—in order to be rightly performed, demands that the critic shall be equal in mental power to the author whose works he reviews. Now, Wilson was a man of extraordinary gifts, and he was likewise remarkably free from everything like envy, and the meaner feelings of our nature. He was generous to the core; and however severe his critical castigations sometimes were, his wide sympathies and geniality of spirit were quite as remarkable as the acuteness of his perception and the richness of his language. "There, perhaps, never was a man gifted with such an universality of sympathy with all that is intellectual. He had points in common with all—with the elegant fastidiousness of Lockhart, the broad humor and inspired idiocy of the Ettrick Shepherd, the polished coterieism of Moore, the masculine benevolence of Chalmers, the disputations logic of De Quincey, the playful humor of Lamb, the enjoué and often felicitous criticism of Hunt, and the honest aspirations of less gifted individuals. In private, he knew no antipathies—no sectarian distinctions: artist or littérateur, politician or mere man of the world, Whig, Tory, or Radical—all were welcome who could talk well, or listen intelligently, and were good men and true. He gave full vent to his love of conversational discussion, alternately jubilant in expression of common tastes, and impetuous in controversial debate—always suggestive, always impressing his hearers with the feeling that they were listening to a man of genius." Of Wilson, in his frequent character of private critic, we have the following interesting sketch, by Thomas Aird, in his recent *Memoir of Delta*:—

"In the multiform nature of Wilson," says Moir's biographer, "his mastery over the hearts of ingenious youth is one of his finest characteristics. It was often won in this peculiar way:—An essay is submitted to him as professor, editor, or friend, by some worthy young man. Mr. Wilson does not like it, and says so in general terms. The youth is not satisfied, and, in the tone of one rather injured, begs to know specific faults. The generous Aristarch, never dealing haughtily with a young worth, instantly sits down, and begins by conveying, in the most fearless terms of praise, his sense of that worth; but, this done, woe be to the luckless piece of prose or 'numerous verse!' Down goes the scalpel with the most minute savagery of dissection, and the whole tissues

and ramifications of fault are laid bare. The young man is astonished; but his nature is of the right sort; he never forgets the lesson; and, with bands of filial affection stronger than hooks of steel, he is knit for life to the man who has dealt with him thus. Many a young heart will recognize this peculiar style of the great nature I speak of; this severe service was done to Delta, and he was the young man to profit by it; the friendship became all the firmer."

Wilson was in his thirty-fourth year when he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University; and the zealous supporters who won for him the appointment did not judge ill when they inferred in him a capability, however little patent at that time to the general eye, for the profoundest seriousness of view, and the most delicate sympathies with every youthful impulse. For two and thirty years—from 1820 till 1851—he continued to discharge the duties of that important office with so undeniable a power, so lofty an enthusiasm, and so glorious an eloquence, that its title has become inseparably joined to his own illustrious name. As a Professor, as in every other phase of his life, Wilson was a man *sui generis*, scattering high and profound thoughts with a prodigal splendor, rather than concentrating his powers on the formation of any precise system. It has sometimes been alleged, in disparagement of him, by comparison with his two immediate predecessors, Dugald Stewart and Dr. Thomas Brown, that they did, but that he did not, come forward with original contributions to mental philosophy. Wilson is allowed the credit of lecturing splendidly; but the complaint is, that he did not place his own name on the roll of independent philosophers. Now, we agree with De Quincey that Brown and Stewart are by no means the original philosophers they are usually taken for; and we, moreover, concur with Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, who speaks with disrespect of the former of these inquirers; and with Professor Ferrier of St. Andrews, one of the subtlest intellects in modern speculation, when he speaks with severity of both. In truth, Stewart is mainly estimable in this, that he commenced the reaction against the infidel development which Locke's philosophy reached in the hands of Hume and the French Encyclopædists. He never got further than seeing the first glimmerings of the real truth—a weak revival of the Platonic system of innate ideas. Both he and Brown have already been left far behind by the march of inquiry; and the writings of both of them are now wholly eclipsed, whether as regards soundness of view, comprehensiveness of system, or precision of statement, by Dr. Maevier, in his remarkably able

"Inquiry into Human Nature." Wilson's impetuous and discursive turn of mind—a mind poetic rather than scientific in its cast—instinctive, rather than laboriously analytic in its perception—was unfavorable to the maturing of precise and systematic opinions. He had little of that love of logic and intellectual analysis which distinguished the prelections of his predecessors. But there is another and far ampler philosophy—"a philosophy of human nature, like the philosophy of Shakspeare, and of Jeremy Taylor, and of Edmund Burke, which (says De Quincey) is scattered through the miscellaneous papers of Professor Wilson. Such philosophy, by its very nature, is of a far higher and more aspiring cast than any which lingers upon mere scholastic conundrums. It is a philosophy that cannot be presented in abstract forms, but hides itself as an incarnation in voluminous mazes of eloquence and poetic feeling. Look for this among the critical essays of Professor Wilson, which, for continual glimpses and revelations of hidden truth, are, perhaps, absolutely unrivalled. By such philosophy his various courses of lectures—we speak on the authority of many of his highest students—are throughout distinguished; and more especially those numerous disquisitions on man's moral being, his passions, his affections, and his imaginations, in which Professor Wilson displays his own genius—its originality and power." Of the influence which he exerted upon the mind of his numerous pupils, it has been well remarked that "there is not a single parish in Scotland where some one of the twelve thousand students of his thirty years' teaching will not now recollect that college session, in the Moral Philosophy Class, when the first serious consciousness was awakened in himself, the first intellectual enthusiasm raised by the eloquent voice, and feeling also as if a more than personal tie were broken. There was in the presence of the Man—in his whole style of thought and utterance, something so vivid, heroic, and thoroughly akin to the generous impulses of youth, when its romance is highest, though about to close, that no after-teaching could obliterate *his*; and even Chalmers, with his four years' curriculum, while he might endear himself more intimately amidst all the relations of a professional career, did not print on his own students themselves so ineffaceable an image of the lofty Instructor, to whom memory owes perpetual gratitude, as Wilson on all the long variety of youthful intelligence that has passed through his hands toward every path of life."

His aversion to systematic and continuous mental labor, may be traced throughout the



whole literary productions of Wilson. Looking at the amazing splendor and power exhibited in his magazine articles, in his lectures, and in a lesser degree in his poems, the regret spontaneously suggests itself that he did not concentrate his efforts more, and throw the same energy and fiery genius into the composition of a systematic work. But the fault, if fault it be, lay in the idiosyncrasies of the man. His keen-sighted friend and intellectual comrade, Lockhart, early perceived this tendency of his nature, and in his "Peter's Letters" makes the following acute remarks:—"A man who has only one talent, and who is so fortunate as to be early led to exercise it in a judicious direction, may soon be expected to sound the depth of his power, and to strengthen himself with those appliances which are most proper to ensure his success. But he whose mind is rich in a thousand quarters—who finds himself surrounded with an intellectual armory of many and various kinds of weapons—is happy, indeed, if he does not lose more time in digressing into the surface of those ores than his life can allow him time to dig to their foundations—in trying the edge of more instruments than it is possible for any one man to understand thoroughly, and wield with the assured skill of a true master. Mr. Wilson seems to possess one of the widest ranges of intellectual capacity of any I have ever met with. In his conversation, he passes from the gravest to the gayest of themes, and seems to be alike at home in them all; but, perhaps, the facility with which, in conversation, he finds himself to make use of all his power, may only serve to give him wrong and loose notions concerning the more serious purposes to which he ought to render his great power subservient. In his prose writings, in like manner, he handles every kind of key, and he handles many well—but this, also, I should fear, may tend to render him over-careless in his choice—more slow in selecting some one field—or if you will, more than one—on which to concentrate his energies, and make a sober, manly, determinate display of what nature has rendered him capable of doing."

An *embarras de richesses* was really the main cause of the fragmentary character of Wilson's literary efforts; it was not indolence, but the many-sidedness of his nature. He was brinful of power—overflowing with original thought in all walks of literature; and he could not bring himself to forego the delight of expatiating upon all, for the sake of doing full justice to one. The greater part of his writings was in the form of *spoken thought*—dashed off in the superbest

epistolary styles; it was his brilliant mental processes daguerreotyped. Any one who has ever enjoyed the pleasure, either in conversation or letter-writing, of thus throwing off his welling thoughts, thick and fast and bright as they come upon him, will understand how delightful such a process must have been to a mind like Wilson's—a mind as rich as it was impetuous, and which revelled in original thought as in an inexhaustible mine. His mind seems to have been in a constant sparkle. When he looked within, he beheld noble, humorous, and beautiful ideas flashing thick and fast, like lights in a diamond mine, or shooting stars in the November skies. He felt that he had within him treasures enough to work, without seeking for materials in the outer world; and, in point of fact, he only made use of external subjects as awakeners of the ideas within, and as nebulous centre-points around which to dispose the planet-thoughts of his own mind. He doubtless felt, as every great mind must ever feel, that nine-tenths of the rare and noble thoughts that arose within him could never be chronicled or given to the world, and must die with him as silently as if they had never been. And possibly he may have said to himself—"If I set myself to write a great work, the greater part of it must be fashioned of materials common to all, and which others may use for the same purpose, though it may be with less skill than I. But these thoughts, these emotions within me—they are *mine*, and mine only; and shall I not, then, give nature its way, and delight myself by pouring forth treasures so essentially original, rather than in laboriously rearing a work which, though it may be more useful and more enduring, is less *mine*, and which may be fashioned quite as well by others after I myself am dead and gone?"

A really great mind is ever greater—far greater, than its written works, even though it make literature the business of its life; and many a gifted intellect at times, when mentally scanning his capacities, and counting the untold wealth within, has bowed his head despondingly—*how* despondingly, smaller men never know—to feel that he will never be able to do justice to his powers, or glorify his Maker by showing or teaching to others the mighty treasures of his soul. The wisdom of Genius, what is it but a key to the dark things in nature and providence? Explain as you will how man gets knowledge, *wisdom*, in its highest forms, is ever felt by its possessors to be really an enlightenment from on high; and is not a privilege to communicate it to the world—to bring mankind more face to



face with their Creator, and to show to the weak, the faithless, and the grovelling, what a noble thing is the human soul?

That Wilson was a far greater man than author, we need hardly say. A mere fraction of his noble nature remains to us embodied in his works. He did not live *to write*. He made no deliberate attempt to set his mind in its entirety before the world—probably, as we have said, from the very feeling that life was too short for such an undertaking. He seems rather to have used literature as a mere means of cultivating his general nature. Now as a poet, now as a critic, now as a fervid politician, now as a tale-writer, now as an eloquent lecturer, now, and most frequently of all, as the broad sunny man, with a heart for all things, he appears in his writings to be merely disporting himself—to be simply giving that airing and exercise to his mental faculties, which they crave not less strongly than those of the body. Now, to build up one's Inner-self is a nobler thing than to become a giant in print; and as the latter of these tasks may often conflict with the former, we ought not to be over-ready to judge of men merely by their literary monuments, or to charge as a fault an abstention from systematic work which may have been the result of a wise instinct or of a self-denying reflection. We do not say that such was the case with Wilson; but we do say, that the more he is examined and understood, the greater does he appear before us in that highest of all aspects, *as a man*. A very Alcibiades among modern intellects, the man was always greater than his works. He was not the artist, interesting for his work's sake, though the private life be not worth a thought: but his works were seen to be but an episode of his many-sided life—a fragment splintered off from the noble whole of his being.

Is not the death of such a man suggestive of high and solemn thought? Is it not a text, from which one might discourse most eloquently to those most forlorn of human beings, who, lost in the mazes of a miscalled science, delight to prove to themselves that man is but dust, and that the soul perishes with its ephemeral tenement. For if there, indeed, be no future life for man, must it not be deepest anguish to a noble nature like Wilson's, to feel the icy hand of death upon him, when his faculties are still but half developed, and when he feels within him powers that only await fitting opportunities to burst forth in unrivalled splendour? But the Christian sage, be he young or old—be he cut off early and "without his fame," or live on honoured to a good old age, has ever this consolatory reflection, that life and progress do not end at the grave. He looks

within, and beholds his spirit—*himself*—still fresh, even amid the decay of the body; ever waxing wiser, holier, nobler. "It grows"—ay, and he knows that it will continue to grow in other worlds even as here. And whatever may have been the dowry of high thoughts which his Maker has given him, and however much too short life may have been to set these forth to the world, he at least knows, that though he has not had time here, he will have time in Eternity!

In 1852, advancing years induced Professor Wilson to retire from the chair in the University which he had so long and ably filled; and this he did, as be seemed the man, without asking for the retiring allowance, which, in such circumstances, is usual. At this time no symptoms of ill-health had appeared. The man was still unbroken. Immediately afterwards, however, he experienced a stroke of paralysis; and, as is not seldom observed in those who have been blessed with long unbroken health, his iron frame suddenly gave way, attended by a slight impairment of his intellectual faculties, which showed itself chiefly in a loss of memory; a state of matters which, broken with favourable gleams, continued up to the day of his death, on the third of last month. It is a curious and sad remark, that in the case of almost all the great poets of the past generation—certainly of all of them who reached old age—it was the over-tasked brain that chiefly gave way. The very delicacy and exquisite sensibility of a poet's nature renders the cerebral system in his case peculiarly susceptible to the mental shocks and physical wear-and-tear of life: and in his case, even more than in other men's, experience vouches to the truth of Bulwer's adage, that "though we live longer than our forefathers, we suffer more." We live faster, too—a more ceaseless tide of thought rolls through the brain—we prize minutes as our ancestors prized hours, and, whether for mind or body, there are now-a-days but few holidays. No wonder then, that ever and anon the over-worked nervous system should rise in sudden revolt, and mysterious disease invade the precincts of life. For long the soul, throned in the brain, rules like an autocrat every part of the system, and lashes on our flagging powers like Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun. But suddenly there comes a tremor, a concussion, a shudder of the brain, and lo! the charioteer is tossed from his seat—order is subverted in the capital, and a paralysis pervades the extremities. Strange and fell disease! which seems to grow with our civilisation, and loves to mark the "foremost men of all the age" as its victims. How it has played havoc among the galaxy of poets that adorned the last

age—now taking from us a Scott, and now a Southey, now a Moore, now a Wordsworth, and now a “Wilson!”

And, now, that stately figure is gone from the streets of the Scottish metropolis. We shall no more encounter his lion-like port when we revisit the Athens of the North. We shall no more recognise in the distance the well-known broad-rimmed hat, shadowing those bold bright eyes—the ever-fresh complexion, the sandy-coloured hair streaming dishevelled over his shoulders; the shaggy whiskers, handsome throat, and broad turned-over collar; the buttoned coat or surtout, and the firm limbs that seemed to grasp the very earth as he trode along. We shall no more see the venerable man—“the Professor”—seated at the round table in the saloon at Blackwood’s, sitting silently over a book—with the portraits of his old friends, Lockhart, and Hogg, and Delta, and Alison, and Hamilton, and his own around him;—and in the social circles which so long delighted in the genial company of “the old man eloquent,” his place shall know him no more. Some able pen—it may be that of one of his own gifted sons-in-law—will, doubtless, ere long do justice to his memory, and show to the country the man as he lived. For ourselves, we hardly venture to contribute even a stone to his cairn; but we feel of a truth that he has left a void which can never be filled up, and that in him Scotland has lost “a glorious figure,—a stately and heroic life,—and a beloved Presence from the midst of her.”

From Blackwood’s Magazine.

#### DEATH OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

It is one of the painful duties which devolve on those connected with a work like the present, to be called on from time to time to commemorate the removal from this earthly scene, of those by whose original and inventive minds its peculiar character was impressed, or to whose genius and labors in after life it owed its continued influence and reputation. More than once that melancholy task has been ours, for Death has made more than his usual gaps in the ranks of those who were associated with the rise of this Magazine and its early success. But the greatest and most distinguished of that gifted band, whose name has been identified with it from first to last, had till now been spared;—withdrawn, indeed, for some time from those circles which he had enlightened and adorned—and already surrounded by some shadow of the coming night, but still surviving among us as a link connecting the present and the

past, and forming the centre of a thousand sympathising and reverential associations. He also has at last been gathered to his fellows. Professor Wilson expired at his house in Gloucester Place on the morning of the 3d April, 1854. Born in May, 1785, he was thus in his sixty-ninth year when he died;—not prematurely taken, it may be said, for he had nearly touched the period which is proverbially allotted as the measure of human life, yet passing from among us long before he had attained that advanced old age, which, when united with health, wisdom, and worth, seems to afford one of the happiest conditions of existence, and of which, in his case, the vigor and elasticity both of his mental and bodily frame, had seemed to human calculation to promise the attainment. It is consolatory to think that his period of seclusion and sickness passed in tranquillity both of mind and body; not perhaps painless, yet without acute or prolonged suffering;—the bodily energies waning gently, like the twilight, and the mind, though clear, partaking of that growing languor which had crept over the frame with which it was associated. As a proof of how long his mental vigor and capacity of exertion survived the effects of physical decline, it may be mentioned that two of the papers entitled “Dies Boreales,” the last of a fine series on Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, were written by him in August and September, 1852, some months after the occurrence of that calamity by which his strong frame had been stricken down; papers written with his usual fine perception and impressive diction, but in a hand so tremulous, so feeble, and indistinct, as to prove the strong effort of will by which alone such a task could have been accomplished. These were the last papers he ever wrote: they want, as is evident enough, the dazzling splendor of his earlier writings: they do not stir the heart like the trumpet tones of his prime, but they breathe a tone of sober grandeur and settled conviction; and these subdued and earnest words, now that we know them to have been his last, sink into the heart, like the parting accents of a friend, with a melancholy charm.

We leave to others, and in another form, the task of delineating the character of Professor Wilson as a poet, a novelist, a philosopher, and a critic; our more limited object is to speak of him only in connection with this Magazine, of which he was so long the animating spirit; to recall and arrest for a moment the lineaments of the man as he first appeared to us—as we were familiar with him in after life—and to embody in a few words our sense of what he has done for literature and for society through the pages

of that publication, in which, unless we greatly err, posterity will recognise the richest outpourings of his genius, and in which may be traced all the modes of his changing mind—from the first wild and sparkling effusions of youth, through the more matured creations of his manhood, down to that period when even genius takes a sober coloring from the troubles of life, and all those vivid and truthful pictures of the world around us begin unconsciously to be imbued and solemnised by the prospects of another.

When we first saw Professor Wilson—now more than three-and-thirty years ago—no more remarkable person could have attracted attention. Physically and mentally he was the embodied type of energy, power, and self-reliance. The tall and elastic frame, the massive head that crowned it, the waving hair, the finely-cut features, the eye flashing with every variety of emotion, the pure and eloquent blood which spoke in the cheek, the stately lion-like port of the man, all announced, at the first glance, one of Nature's nobles. And to the outward presence corresponded the mind within; for rarely have qualities so varied been blended in such marvellous and harmonious union. The culture of English scholarship had softened the more rugged features of his Scottish education. The knowledge of life, and sympathy with all its forms, from the highest to the lowest, had steadied the views and corrected the sentimental vagueness of the poetical temperament: a strong and practical sagacity pervaded, and gave reality to, all the creations of his imagination. Extensive and excursive reading—at least in English literature and the classics—combined with a singular accuracy and minuteness of natural observation, had stored his mind with facts of every kind, and stamped the results upon an iron memory. Nature and early training had so balanced his faculties that all themes seemed to come alike to his hand; the driest, provided only it bore upon the actual concerns of life, had nothing repulsive for him; he could expatiate in the field of the mournful as if it were his habitual element, and turn to the sportive and the fantastic, as if he had been all his life a denizen of the court of Comus. The qualities of the heart partook of this expansive and universal character. Affections, as tender as they were impetuous, checked and softened the impulses of a fiery temper and vehement will, and infused a pathetic and relenting spirit into strains of invective that were deviating into harshness. That he should have been without warm dislikings, as well as warm attachments, would imply an im-

possibility. But from everything petty or rancorous he was absolutely free. Most justly was he entitled to say of himself, that he never knew envy except as he had studied it in others. His opposition, if it was uncompromising, was always open and manly; to the great or good qualities of his opponent he generally did justice from the first—always in the end; and not a few of those who in early life had regarded him merely as the headlong leader of a partisan warfare, both in literature and politics, came to learn their mistake, to reverence in him the high-toned and impartial critic, and to esteem the warm-hearted and generous man.

His conversation and his public speaking had in them a charm to which no other term is applicable but that of fascination, and which, in the zenith of his powers, we never met with any one able to resist. While his glittering eye held the spectators captive, and the music of the ever-varying voice, modulating up and down with the changing character of the theme, fell on the ear, and a flood of imagery invested the subject with every conceivable attribute of the touching, the playful, or the picturesque, the effect was electric, indescribable: it imprisoned the minds of the auditors; they seemed to fear that the sound would cease—they held their breath as if under the influence of a spell.

Thus accomplished by nature and education, did Professor Wilson apply himself to his self-imposed task in this Magazine—that of imparting to periodical literature in general, and to literary criticism in particular, a new body and a new life; of pulling down the old conventional walls within which they had been confined, and of investing criticism itself with something of the creative and poetic character of the great works of imagination to which it was to be applied.

And in what a noble and true-hearted spirit was that task accomplished. Much had no doubt been done within the century to enlarge the basis of our critical views, to exchange the criticism of particulars for that of generals, to contemplate and decide according to the essence rather than the form. But we hesitate not to say, that practically the criticism of the day was sectarian and political: class criticism, not catholic. It denied or coldly accorded merit to those beyond the pale of the reviewer's own opinions; it was too apt to assume in all cases an air of condescending superiority; and it was in its form inflexible, demurely decorous, and solemn, banishing from its sphere all that wide field of illustration afforded by the homely and the ludicrous, from the

judicious contrast and opposition of which so much of added interest and novelty of view might fairly be derived. These wants the criticisms of Professor Wilson for the first time effectually supplied. Reverential in all cases where reverence was justly due, his keen sense of the ludicrous made him at the same time unsparing of ridicule, when, either in its moral or artistic aspect, the subject of the criticism required and justified the application of such a weapon. Strong as might be his party opinions, they faded out of view whenever he had to deal with any of the greater questions of literature or the pretensions of its genuine candidates; while to how many of the humblest aspirants for fame did his cordial and unstinted praise, blended with just advice and chastened censure, speak hope and comfort amidst discouragement, and poverty, and pain! From every nook of nature, from every mood of mind, he drew his allusions and illustrations, ever-shifting, iridescent. Under his guidance, humor and feeling, long separated, walked hand in hand; and even the gravest minds readily reconciled themselves to his gay and fanciful embroideries on the web of life, because they felt that none knew better than he that its tissue was, after all, of a sombre hue; because every page of these compositions, quaint and startling as they were, impressed them with the assurance that wherever the shafts of his ridicule might light, the nobler qualities of the soul itself—love, honor, duty, religion, and all the charities of life—were safe as in a sanctuary from their intrusion.

It would be idle, as it would be endless, to refer to particular examples in dealing with the criticisms of Professor Wilson. But we hesitate not to say, humbly, but with the conviction of its truth, that his contributions to this Magazine contain an amount of original and suggestive criticism, unparalleled in any publication to which the present time has given birth. From the *Noctes* alone what an armoury of bright and polished thought might be supplied! In his other papers, what a new aspect is given to old themes! The gentle and devout spirit of Spenser seems never before to have met with a congenial exponent. The infinite depths of Shakespeare's mind are made to reveal new treasures. Milton's stately fabric appears to expand its proportions, and to grow, at once classic and colossal, under his hand. Dryden's long-resounding march here meets with a spirit-stirring accompaniment; and he who "stooped to truth, and moralised his song," finds a defender, who can appreciate the sterling vigor and condensation of his thoughts, and the lucid felicities of their

expression. Towards the few genuine poets who illumined the twilight of the last century—towards those who gilded the morning of the new—towards Scott, and Byron, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth—towards the lesser stars revolving within the orb of those greater luminaries—how just, how discriminating have been his acknowledgments! And in proof that these judgments, all glowing and impassioned as they seem, were yet founded on the truest appreciation of the principles of art, we would ask (and we do so with some confidence), in how few instances has the public shown any disposition to reverse the sentence which a deep poetical insight had dictated, and a lofty sense of duty had kept so impartial and so pure!

Nor is it to the mere professed criticism of literature that these observations are applicable. The same peculiarities and the same originality pervaded his numerous and varied essays, where he came more palpably into that field which Addison and Johnson and Goldsmith had trod before him. The humblest and most unpromising topics were on system made the vehicles of important truths; deep reflections "rose like an exhalation" out of hints thrown out as if in a spirit of dalliance; but the result was to exhibit man and his nature in many a new light, and to enforce reflection on many a vital question, where, under a more formal treatment of the subject, it would unquestionably have been evaded. Never, perhaps, was the power and value of the principle of surprise more aptly illustrated than in these essays, where we are suddenly withdrawn from some vulgar and prosaic foreground; led off—blindfold, it may be, and through brake and briar—yet, as we feel, by no unfriendly hand, till, when the journey ends, and the mask drops, we find ourselves translated to some mysterious mountain height, with the ocean of this life spread beneath our feet, and around us "the breath of heaven fresh blowing."

This, we feel, is no fit place for entering on the social or moral qualities of Professor Wilson. "Something we might have said, but to what end?" The depth and tenderness of his domestic affections are not themes for such discussion. His charities, his generosity, liberal and unflinching as they were, we would leave in that obscurity to which it was his own wish they should be consigned. His appreciation of all worth, however humble; his readiness to assist struggling merit; his utter absence of all affectation of superiority in himself; his toleration for the faults or presumption of others; his reluctance consciously to inflict pain on any one—a feeling which grew on him, as it grows on all good men, with advancing

years; are they not written on the memories of all who were the objects of his aid or his forbearance? The charms of his social intercourse, who is likely to forget, whether first experienced "in life's morning march, when his spirit was young," or when added years and experience had pruned the luxuriance and softened the asperities of youth, but left all the bright and genial qualities of the mind undimmed, and the sympathies of the soul at once deepened and diffused? To those who had the privilege of enjoying his intimate acquaintance, as familiar friends or fellow-laborers in the same seed-field; to the many who have been indebted to him for that which he never failed to afford—wise and considerate counsel; to the thousands whom he has formed, guided, encouraged, admonished, or corrected, the thought of Professor Wilson will be among those recollections which they would most wish to arrest—those visions which, when they begin to fade, they would be most anxious to recall.

As a proof how completely he was superior to any feeling of party where a question of literature and genius was involved, and how his kindly disposition could urge him to exertion, even under the pressure of disease, we may mention, that the last occasion on which he can be said to have appeared in public, was when he left his brother's house, and, supported by a friendly arm, came up to record his vote for a political opponent, Mr. Macaulay. The last occasion on which he left his own threshold, was when he drove out to congratulate a friend on an event, on which he believed his happiness in life was likely to depend.

So lived, so died Professor Wilson—in the union of his varied mental gifts, in the attractive and endearing qualities of his char-

acter, one of the most remarkable men whom Scotland, in the present or any other century, has produced. In our remarks we have confined ourselves to his services to this Magazine, and through that to literature. We have not referred to his other productions, nor to his academical prelections. If the value of the latter were to be estimated by the effect which they produced in stimulating the minds and awakening the interest of his auditory, they would be entitled to a high rank; but as yet there exist no materials from which a deliberate judgment as to their merits can be formed. In other respects, opinion has given the preference to his prose over his poetry, and to his essays over his narrative fictions. The judgment has been so general that it is probably just. In poetry, in prose fiction, he seems over-matched by other men: in the field of the discursive essay, with its "numerous prose," he is felt to be unique and unapproachable—without a prototype, and in all probability without a successor.

We are aware that in what we have said we have uttered nothing new; that the marking lines of Professor Wilson's literary character and compositions have been often drawn before; that his characteristics as a man have been indicated by worthier hands. But our object now is, not to say what is new, but to record what is true—true, as it presents itself to us, and true, as we should wish it to be for other times. The public has already pronounced its judgment, and with sufficient approach to unanimity, on Professor Wilson's genius; it has formed and expressed its estimate of him as a man: in both cases we are content to accept the verdict as it stands; for in both we think it generous as well as just—we ask only to be allowed to register it in our pages.

### MORNING MUSIC.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

WAKE! wake! the mounting morning  
Pales up the opal east;  
Hark! hark! the cock's shrill warning;  
Night's purple reign hath ceas'd;  
From off no sweeter eyes,  
To lift us to delight,  
Can folded lids arise,  
Now gloom hath taken flight;  
Then, sweet, from slumber break!  
Wake! wake! oh, sweet, awake!  
Wake! wake!  
Up! up! thy tranced dreaming  
Is nought but painted shade,  
False night's fantastic seeming,  
But doomed with light to fade;  
Bright on thine opening eyes  
Shall dawn all real delight;

Joy waits thee; rise! arise!

Now gloom hath taken flight;  
Then, sweet, from slumber break!  
Wake! wake! oh, sweet, awake!  
Wake! wake!

*Ladies' Companion.*

COAL MERCHANTS.—"Five-sixths of the London public is supplied by a class of middle-men who are called in the trade '*Brass-plate Coal-merchants*': these consist principally of merchants' clerks, gentlemen's servants, and others, who have no wharfs, but merely give their orders to some true coal-merchant, who sends in the coals from his wharf. The brass-plate coal-merchant, of course receives a commission for his agency, which is just so much loss to the consumer."—*Babbage's Economy of Manufactures.*



[This excellent article is from the Dublin University Magazine.]

## THE EASTERN QUESTION.\*

THE present generation has been reared and nursed in the lap of peace. Born with the dying murmurs of our last great war just falling on our ears, we have passed our lives amid the soothing pleasures, and the elevating—perhaps, in some respects, the enervating—influences of the cultivation of the arts and the spread of the sciences. Our quiet has not been disturbed by more than the distant rumours of war in far-off and half-savage dependencies, where victory or defeat had little influence on our permanent condition, and were looked upon by us at home rather as interesting adventures than as serious occurrences.

The peace thus happy, thus marked by progress, by the increase of civilisation and prosperity throughout almost the whole world, has come to an end at last. It endured for nearly forty years, but has now passed away, and left the world as a heritage to its successor, war. Brazen-throated, stern-fronted, thunder-voiced, and lion-hearted war again strides upon the earth; and though he comes not at our invitation, nor by our wish, yet far be from our hearts any craven fear of his approach; far from our cheeks, or from our voices, any paleness, or any tremor, as we meet him front to front, and bid him "Welcome!" "Welcome to war," say we, since he comes not at our call. "Welcome to war"—not in any mere passing excitement—not because we are dazzled by his gew-gaw trappings, or moved by the sound of his trumpet, or by the majesty and pomp of his approach—not because we have not present to our mind all the evil, all the misery, and wretchedness, and crime, that lackey his steps, and linger on his track long after he has passed by—but because there are far worse evils than war, and because, sooner or later, in our time, or in that of our children, WAR MUST COME. Had events so happened that war had been deferred, we had been content to train up our children so that they should have borne themselves worthily in his presence; since, however, he has come in our own time, who among us will be the coward not to meet him like a man,

to brave his dangers and endure his evils, in order to conquer peace, and leave that quiet heritage to our children?

We claim no monopoly of foresight when we say, that we have long seen one great European war to be inevitable. The idea has occurred to almost every reflective man who chose to form any speculations on the future. We have heard it uttered, we have seen it printed; it is a notion familiar to the mind of almost all of us. And yet, in spite of that, it has come upon us as it were by surprise; and even now we can hardly assure ourselves whether this war now broken out is *the war* that we have all so long foreseen.

We believe that it is. We do not believe that the present war is chargeable solely on the Emperor Nicholas, or the Sultan Abdul Mejid, or Lord Aberdeen, or Louis Napoleon, or upon any one man or set of men. Neither is it a war on behalf of the Turks, or against the Russians, or for or against Mahometanism, or the Greek form of Christianity. Neither would it have been altogether avoided, though it might, perhaps, have been postponed, had Lord Palmerston been Prime Minister, and told the Emperor Nicholas, in so many words, that if he crossed the Pruth, he would send fleets to the Black Sea and the Baltic; nor if this man had done that, or left it undone, and the other man had done the other thing. It is *THE WAR* between two Powers, whose names have scarcely yet been mentioned in the matter, and those powers are FREEDOM and DESPOTISM.

FREEDOM fights on the one side, although her armies are those of aristocratic England, imperialised France, and absolute Turkey. DESPOTIC SLAVERY, on the other side, heads the Russian armies now, and her possible or probable allies hereafter.

We are quite ready to credit the Emperor Nicholas with as much lust of conquest and greed of territory as any one may demand for him. He coveted Constantinople, and he thought the time had come when he might make one great stride towards its possession, and, perhaps, seize it altogether; but that lust and greed was stimulated and urged to immediate and present action by the fear and the hate of the spirit of freedom that was rising and gaining ground in Turkey. That Turkey should dare to harbour and protect those who had fought for freedom elsewhere; that she should show herself ready and willing to break the links that bound human thought and human action; that she should not only tolerate but encourage religious missionaries from the free shores of England and America; that she should herself be preparing to cast away the

\* "The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1829 and 1829, with a View of the Present State of Affairs in the East." By Colonel Chesney, R.A., D.C.L., F.R.S. Second Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co., London. 1 vol.

"A Year with the Turks; or, Sketches of Travel in the European and Asiatic Dominions of the Sultan." By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A. 1 vol. London: W. Parker and Son.

"Russia and the Russians; Comprising an Account of the Czar Nicholas and the House of Romanoff." By J. W. Cole, H. P., 21st Fusiliers. London: Richard Bentley. 1 vol.

chains of religious bigotry, and reform the evils of absolute and arbitrary government, and give to her people social and individual independence and freedom as soon as they were fit to use them: these things formed both the crime of Turkey and the necessity for her punishment; since, if left unpunished, they would soon give her strength to defy her accuser.

Despotism, looking through the eyes of the Czar and his ministers, saw her young enemy, Freedom, born and beginning to grow in Turkey, and moved, instinctively, to crush her before she gained strength to be formidable.

There can, we think, hardly be one man who still believes the rubbishy pretext of the Greek Church being in any shape the cause of the war, except for the secondary reason that the Greek Church is a very convenient organ of despotism, more especially with a despot at the head of it. Not that we would absolutely deny that the Emperor Nicholas himself is, to some extent, the dupe of his own pretext, and may really be a believer in his own sincere attachment to that faith; but knowingly or unknowingly, that which is the hidden spring of his actions is the instinctive hate of the despot to freedom in all its forms.

Let us take the other side of the question, and examine our own motives a little. Have we any of us any particular love for the Turks in the abstract, for the nation, for their creed, or their politics? or have we either any hatred of the Russians? Are we not, on the contrary, all of us rather puzzled to know how it is that all our old associations of fear, and hatred, and contempt for the Turks, and a kind of distant admiration and respect for the Russians, have been suddenly turned into their opposites? Is it not because we have heard that the Russians have bowed themselves down in the dust before their Emperor, and hailed him as a God upon earth; and because we have also heard that, in spite of the arbitrary government and misrule that has prevailed throughout the Turkish empire, there are yet to be found in it both men and communities who have preserved their native independence of thought and action—men who are honest, brave, and true, and are free in all but the form of their government? "*Vox populi vox Dei*," is an old rule, and where the "*populus*" is a "free people," and speaks spontaneously with its own voice, it is also a true one. Therefore have we all of us, involuntarily, in our hearts, taken part with the Turks, long before the red tape of diplomacy condescended to recognise the fact; because we, by a natural instinct, recognised among them the presence of some portion

of that spirit of freedom and uprightness, and independence which, thank God, we can claim as our own characteristics.

It might, perhaps, be asked, how it comes about that the absolute and despotic Government of Turkey should be regarded as fighting in the front rank of the army of freedom, any more than that of Russia itself; but such an inquiry could only proceed from one who was content to take the external forms of things as the true representatives of their internal qualities. The despotism of Turkey is the old patriarchal, or paternal form of government, the representative of the first rude form of polity that arose among men in times when such form only was possible. The individual freedom of the masses was little affected by it—it acted only in the immediate presence of the despot or his deputies, and varied with their humours or dispositions. It had little organisation; and is an old, effete, worthless form of government enough, but, even in consequence of its inefficiency, may contain much of the elements of freedom.

The despotism of Russia, however, is another matter. Here we have organisation, and contrivance, and machinery in full perfection and in constant action. The despotism is carried from the despot as a centre, throughout the whole mass of the population, and is perpetually present, noting and governing every thought and every action of every individual. Every spark of freedom, whether in action, in speech, or even in thought, is carefully grappled with and trodden out. The people themselves become one huge machine, moving and acting at the will of one man.

This despotism it is, that ruling throughout the Russian Empire, extends its fell influence, more or less completely, into Austria, and Prussia, and the rest of Germany. Louis Napoleon attempted to introduce something of it into France, though the instinct of the people and his resultant position now compels him to war against it. It is imitated by Naples, and in the Papal States. Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, have hitherto been under the influence of the old unorganized despotism, from which they are now feebly struggling to emancipate themselves. England and Ireland, Holland, and Scandinavia, and parts of Germany, and Switzerland, as also Piedmont, have long ago freed themselves from both kinds.

Wherefore, it may be asked, is this glance at things in general paraded before us? For this reason, gentle reader. Inasmuch as our knowledge of the existence of two such opposite powers as those of the despotism of the East of Europe, and the freedom of the West, would enable any one to predict

that they must eventually come into dire collision, and strive, till one obtains the mastery of the other, so the clearing away of all the attendant rubbish of extraneous circumstances, and unmasking the two great principles at strife, will enable us to see who must, ultimately or at once, directly or indirectly, be the combatants on each side, and to judge of the duration and result of the struggle.

That the war has arisen about the conduct of the Emperor of Russia to the Sultan of Turkey, is a mere accident; his despotic, and, therefore, unjust and treacherous attack, was simply one of the outward manifestations of the principle or rule of conduct on which he, as the representative of despotism, must and will act. A hundred other circumstances might have arisen to produce a similar action in several other directions, which we should have been equally compelled to resist by the very instinct of self-preservation.

That his course of action has been such as to have caused the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia to hesitate before they join him as open allies, is simply another accident, which may or may not be beneficial to the cause of freedom. That they must ultimately join him, or *liberate their own peoples*, can be no more a matter of doubt with any reasonable man than that the sun will rise to-morrow. The only modification of the latter alternative is, whether they will liberate their peoples, or whether these peoples will not save them the trouble by doing that duty for themselves. It can be equally matter of little doubt, that that very curious piece of political cabinet-work and state-joinery, the Empire of Austria, will be entirely taken to pieces and re-constructed under a new form. This will be the case ultimately, whatever be the issue of the contest, inasmuch as if Russia should win, she will not long refrain from absorbing Hungary and Transylvania.

But will she win? Can she win in the long run? Let us suppose one or two possibilities. Suppose that, in consequence of some terrible storm in the Black Sea, the Anglo-French fleet should be so far crippled as to fall a prey to that of the Russians; suppose that in a vain attack on the impregnable Cronstadt a similar misfortune should happen to our Baltic fleet; and that, in consequence of the defeat of the Turkish armies, and the capture of her fortresses, and the loss of the Black Sea fleet, the Anglo-French armies were compelled to surrender prisoners of war, Austria and Prussia immediately declaring on the side of Russia. Allow us to ask our readers, individually and collectively, just to imagine these things, and then to

think (each one of them) of what his own feelings would be? Would he not, if a young man, be ready to go to the nearest military dépôt and offer himself as a volunteer to serve in any capacity, by land or by sea? Would he not, if a wealthy one, be equally ready to scrape together all the cash he could spare, and place it at the disposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Would there be one man in all green Ireland, in all bonny Scotland, or in all merry England, of so craven, so dastard a spirit, as to sit down one instant in his own home, quiet and content with his beating? Would there not be one insurgent roar of uprising spirits, in town and county, across all our broad plains, from all our hill-slopes, from all our mountain glens, from every street, every house, every den and alley of our cities? Would not the hearts of all our young men ache, and their faces burn with impatience till they had crossed the sea and trodden the soil of Russia with the foot of an avenging enemy? Would not fleet after fleet, and army after army, be ready, like Hydra's heads, two taking the place of each one that had preceded them, to precipitate themselves against the common enemy of freedom and mankind? When the reader has answered these questions to his satisfaction he will know our idea of the chance of Russia being the ultimate victor in this war.

For any calculation as to the duration of the struggle there are many elements of uncertainty. It is just possible that the Emperor of Russia, meeting with more resistance than he is now prepared for, may take advantage of some opportunity to withdraw for the present, may retire from the Principalities, and endeavour to resume, as far as possible, the *status quo ante bellum*; and it is possible—though hardly, we hope, probable—that he may be allowed to do so. Such a proceeding would be no termination of the war; it would be merely an agreement for an armed truce, during which all parties would be watching each other with ever increasing fear, hatred, and distrust, and which despotism would make use of simply to choose her time for striking some sudden and treacherous blow, to cripple her adversaries.

No termination of the war can be considered as a final and satisfactory one that does not put back the hordes of Russia into their own steppes, there to work out their own future regeneration. She must be environed with a circle of flame blazing along all her European, and much of her Asiatic borders. Finland must be restored to Sweden; Poland must be reconstituted as an independent nation; Hungary must be put

at the head of a new kingdom, linking Poland with Turkey; the Crimea must be given back to Turkey, and made the Gibraltar of the Black Sea; all the trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia must be taken from her; and Circassia must be made the Switzerland of the East; the Russian posts in North America must be taken possession of by our Indian fleet; and British America extended to Behring's Straits.\*

Along her whole vast frontier Russia must be made to feel the force of our arms, and humiliated in all the three quarters of the globe to which her territories extend. When that is accomplished, we have done with Russia; towards her our policy must ever after be one of simple defence, in which the whole of the civilised world must be ready to unite. She will have enough to do with peopling her own vast territories, and civilising and humanising her people, without troubling the rest of the world with her presence.

Once delivered from the baneful shadow of this great Upas tree of despotism, the other despotic governments of Eastern and Central Europe may safely be left to be dealt with by their own subjects. Self-interest and self-preservation would very shortly compel them to open their prison doors, to reduce their armies, to dismiss their spies, to soften the rigour of their police. If they did not these things, who is there among us Britons, with the glorious recollections of our own revolution, and our own successful and noble rebellion against arbitrary power and despotic rule, who shall dare to utter a word of reproach against any nation or people who rebel against their despot, even should they follow our own stern example, and bring him as a criminal to the block?

It may be objected that we have said nothing of the future of Turkey. This, however, is soon disposed of. The Greeks are, as they have been since the days of Homer, individually brave, capable even of heroic deeds under the impulse of temporary excitement; they are utterly unfit for empire. Keen, subtle, highly intellectual, having capacity for anything, they have steadiness, honesty, integrity for nothing. For the purposes of government, firmness and steadiness of purpose, uprightness, integrity, and straightforward conduct, are worth all your subtlety and intellectual ability. "Honesty is the best policy," is as true in political as in private life. It is the very quality on which the greatness of Eng-

land is based, since, in spite of occasional exceptions which have served to prove the rule, "honesty" has ever been the characteristic of the English government. This quality of honesty and simplicity of purpose, single-heartedness, and speaking the plain truth, is as conspicuous in the character of the Turk as in that of the Englishman; and this quality it is which marks the Turk as the most worthy to rule over the motley population of the present Turkish empire. To give dominion to the Greeks would be to provide a never-failing supply of quarrels to embroil all Europe and Asia to the end of time. As to the talk about the Mahomedan religion, disregard mere names and forms, and it will be found that the Turks are ten times better Christians than the Greeks, or than all the other worthless rabble of so-called Christian sects that have festered in the East since the days of Constantine. The hatred and contempt entertained by the Turks for the very name of Christian, was fully justified by the character, and the practice, and the doctrines of those they came in contact with. Even at the present day so great is the mutual enmity of these sects, that each one would rather be under the government of the Turks than that of any of their rivals. The Turks require only a better general education and greater mixture with the civilised world, to become mild, tolerant, and benevolent rulers of the noble empire of which they are now the head.

If we wished for proof of this point, we would refer to the pages of the little work, called a "Year with the Turks," by Mr. Warrington W. Smyth. This is a singularly clear and impartial account of a tour made in Turkey some years ago, by a gentleman eminently fitted by nature and education to observe, and describe accurately and without exaggeration, and who, by mingling freely and often alone among the people, had good opportunities of becoming acquainted with them. The tone of the book is singularly moderate and unpretentious; every attempt at fine writing or glowing description is studiously avoided, and the narrative kept down to that of a simple and unstudied account of an ordinary tour, written merely for the information of the reader. Every one, however, on closing the book will find his ideas of Turkey much larger and much clearer than before. A few extracts are all we have room for:—

"It was with some surprise that soon after we had arrived we saw the regiment of Nizam, upon whose 'unsoldier-like' appearance, raw lads as many of them were, we had looked with a little contempt. They had marched the whole day long under the burning sun, without more

\* Temporary possession should instantly be taken of Petropaulovski, in Kamtschatka, so as to cut off the retreat of any Russian frigates in the Pacific that may have captured any of our gold ships, or done other damage to our commerce.

breakfast than a pipe, and now fell in and entered the town fresh and blithe. Would our more showy European troops have done as well? My companion, ill-inclined as he was to see anything but evil in Turkey and Turkish institutions, could not but admire their endurance of labour and privation."—p. 175.

"Only one little trait of Turkish honesty may I introduce, as it happened to fall under my own observation. A friend of mine wandering through the bazaars, wished to buy an embroidered handkerchief of a Turkish shop-keeper. He asked the price. 'Seventy-five piasters.' 'No,' said he, aware that it is usual among all traders, whatever their creed, to ask at first more than the value. 'That is too much; I will give you seventy.' And as the dealer seemed to nod assent, he counted out the money. But his surprise was great when the bearded Osmanli, gravely pushing back to him twenty piasters, observed—'This is more than the just price; it is always the custom here to bargain over a thing down to its fair value; and as fifty piasters is my proper price, those twenty belong to you.' Verily, not a few of our professing Christians might take a lesson from the believer in the Koran."—p. 180.

"My companions had served, some as officers, but mostly as privates, in various corps; and though sometimes externally rough, were, as a body, remarkable for a propriety and kindness of conduct superior to what we should meet in a similar group among nations occupying a higher place in European estimation. The injunction to 'do unto others as you would they should do unto you,' is not considered an idle form of words by the Turks, but it is carried into practice. The most wealthy does not disdain to converse with the poorest. The strong man in a mob will yield to the old, or to women or children; sons exhibit a respect amounting to reverence towards their parents, and the stranger, amid a crowd, meets with those attentions which prove that the people possess, in a kindly heart and manner, one of the most agreeable elements of true civilisation."—p. 184.

"At length, after seven hours, we reached the commencement of the Tschiftlik. It lay in a pretty valley, where the road-side was bordered by hemp, growing to the height of ten, twelve, or fourteen feet, so that man and horse were quite lost in it. 'Look,' said the Bey, unable to conceal his smiles, 'that is mine, and this field of Indian corn is mine, and yonder are the cottages of my peasants.' Whilst he spoke, a rough-looking Bulgarian, in cap and jacket of sheepskin, carrying his axe over his shoulder, approached us, looked, for a few seconds, to make sure whether he was not deceived, and then running forward with a cry of joy, made a low bow, repeating his salutations in Bulgarian and Turkish, came close to the Bey, kissed his knees and hand, and pressed

the latter repeatedly on his own bare head and on his heart, whilst his mouth was so occupied with laughing, congratulating, and kissing that he could hardly speak an intelligible word.

"Mahmoud Bey, good soul, tried to keep up the stoic equanimity, which is *bon ton* among the Turks, but I saw the tear glisten in his eye and a glow of satisfaction suffuse his cheek; and his voice softened as he inquired after one and another of his tenants, and all their family affairs."—p. 210.

"What's in a name? Well had Mahmoud Bey observed to me that as regarded religion, it mattered little to Allah what we call ourselves. My good Mahomedan friends, to say nothing of their hospitality, had been so scrupulously honourable on the journey, that my share of the expenses, calculated to the uttermost farthing, had amounted to an absurdly minute sum. I was now to see what the nominal profession of a purer creed would do. The Greeks received me at a house in the outskirts of the town, with fraternising expressions to welcome the brother Christian. But scarcely a quarter of an hour passed before they took advantage of my haste and inability to trade elsewhere; and as their horse was provided with a *samar*, or pack-saddle, cheated me outrageously in the price they gave for the saddle, which I was obliged to leave behind. It was the first specimen, and far from the last, of the dirty meannesses and trickeries which they allowed were not practised by the Turks, because, forsooth 'the Mahomedan religion strictly forbade any deviation from honesty!'"

For an interesting and instructive sketch of the condition of Russia, on the other hand, and the family of the Czar, we cannot do better than refer our readers to Mr. Cole's "Russia and the Russians." It contains an abstract of the history of the empire of Russia, and is therefore useful to refresh our memories on many points. The chapter on the present character and designs of the Emperor Nicholas is particularly apropos; we must make room for the following extract from it:—

"The insurrectionary movements in the different provinces of the Ottoman Empire, instead of being produced by Turkish oppression, which has no existence, are invariably fomented by Russian intrigues, which never slumber, and are always on the alert to take advantage of any colourable pretext that may occur. The peasants of Bulgaria, who have been subject to the Turks for five hundred years, are infinitely better off in every respect, in diet, clothing, lodging, and in the produce derived from their agricultural labour, than any of the Slavonic race, be they of what creed they may, who are doomed to drag on their existence under the iron domination of Russia. The Sultan is accused of intolerance, whereas it is his very tolerant and unsuspecting system of government which gives the opportunity to the secret



agents of Russia, of sowing the seeds of discontent amongst the two great sections of his subjects, and of urging them into rebellion, when all are disposed to be happy, loyal, and industrious. The catechism taught in the schools of Bulgaria, by these Muscovite Jesuits, is undoubtedly a duplicate of the scriptural doctrine instilled into the rising generation of Poland under terror of the knout, and by order of the government. The following extract may serve as a sample of the whole :—

“*Ques. 1.*—How is the authority of the Emperor to be considered in reference to the spirit of Christianity?”

“*Ans.*—As proceeding immediately from God.”

“*Ques. 17.*—What are the supernaturally revealed motives for this worship of the Emperor?”

“*Ans.*—The supernaturally revealed motives are: that the Emperor is the Vicegerent and Minister of God, to execute the divine commands; and, consequently, disobedience to the Emperor is identified with disobedience to God himself; that God will reward us in the world for the worship and obedience we render the Emperor, and punish us severely to all eternity should we disobey or neglect to worship him. Moreover, God commands us to love and obey, from the inmost recesses of the heart, every authority, and particularly the Emperor; not from worldly considerations, but from apprehension of the final judgment.”

“Such bold blasphemy has never been approached since the days of pagan darkness. And this precious document emanates from the authority of a man who provokes war ‘in the name of the most Holy Trinity,’ who, with religion on his tongue, remorseless ambition at his heart, and a destroying sword in his hand, imagines himself a semi-deity upon earth, the delegated instrument of Omnipotence, and the destined uprooter of the faith of Islam, which, with all its errors, is nearer to a reflection of the truth, than his unmitigated bigotry.”—p. 162.

These two little books will serve to give our readers some notions of the personal characters of the parties who are now engaged as combatants. For a proper understanding of their military characters, and of the country in which the war is now being waged, and the nature of the operations there, we must turn to Colonel Chesney's work. This book will greatly add to the already high reputation of its author, as giving an admirably clear, graphic, and succinct account of the last campaign fought between the Russians and the Turks, and enabling even unimilitary readers to understand all future warlike operations in the same field.

Colonel Chesney commences his book with a chapter on the political relations of Turkey previous to the war of 1828 and 1829, and the state in which she was left by the battle of Navarino and the establishment

of the kingdom of Greece—events in which France and England allowed philanthropic sentiment and classical associations to overrule the dictates of justice and honesty, and founded a kingdom of clever scoundrels, who will yet make them repent their acts.

He then gives a very interesting and admirable chapter on the physical features of the seat of war, describing the Danube and its fortresses, the Balkan range and its passes, and the strong natural defences which run from Bayuk Tchekmedge, on the Sea of Marmora, to the Euxine, within twenty miles of Constantinople. He sketches out in this chapter the strong points for defence, and graphically describes the nature of the several lines of attack, that must be the seat of all warlike operations in an invasion of Turkey from the North. His third chapter describes several plans for this invasion entertained by Russia, and narrates the commencement of the campaign of 1828. In this he incidentally mentions the recent date of several of the Russian conquests—that of the Crimea, for instance, in 1792, or only sixty years ago—facts, the newness of which we are apt to forget. He recalls also to our recollection the perpetual attacks and aggressions that have been made on Turkey by Russia ever since the year 1769.

The plan of the campaign of 1828 seems very similar to that now adopted by the Russians. They passed the Pruth without previous notice, only declaring war as they entered the Principalities. After taking Brailow, or Ibrail (probably by the use of a golden key), they poured their troops into the Dobrudscha, captured all the small fortresses; and their object then was, by either taking or masking Varna and Schumla, to push across the Balkan, and sweep down on Constantinople before the Turks could organise a sufficient defence of their capital. Turkey then was in a far worse position than she is now. The reforms begun by Sultan Mahmoud, preceded by the cruel and arbitrary, even if necessary, step of the destruction of the Janissaries, had spread dissatisfaction throughout his empire, and left it in the helpless condition of having thrown away its old arms, without having tried its new ones. The Turkish army was almost entirely composed of boys, and the whole organisation of the empire in a transition state. Nevertheless, it is cheering to recollect that, after the Russian army had fairly established itself on the south side of the Danube; and when there was no Turkish army that could cope with it in the open field, and when, moreover, the Emperor Nicholas himself was present with his troops, the Russians were yet unable, after many attacks, ever to force an entrance through the lines of Schumla, energetically

defended by Hussein Pacha; and that they did not capture Varna, even with the help of their fleet, till after a siege of eighty-seven days, and then only by the treacherous defection of Yussuf Pacha with 5,000 men. Its capture, indeed, would have been impossible but for the want of energy and the blunders of the Grand Vizier, who lingered with his army on the south of the Balkan until it was almost too late to succour it; and who, even when he had repulsed an attack of the Russians in its immediate neighbourhood, and had the chance within his grasp, allowed it to escape him, from his inexperience in military matters. In the meantime Silistria, with very imperfect defences, resisted all the efforts of the Russians from the 21st of July to the end of October, and the siege was finally abandoned at the approach of winter.

Colonel Chesney sums up the results of this campaign as follows:—

"In reviewing the various events of the preceding campaign, we find as the result of its earlier period a march of 1,100 miles (for a portion of the Russian army) with the capture of Brailow after a resolute defence, in addition to some smaller places in the Dobrudscha. To its latter period belongs the fall of Varna, after a siege, by land and sea, of eighty-nine days. The other operations were almost entirely in favour of the Turks; such as the combats and attacks near Schumla, the battle of Kurtepe, and the successful defences of Schumla and Silistria, followed in the latter case, by the retreat of the Russian army across the Danube from before its trenches.

"Between sickness and the sword, these operations in European Turkey are stated to have cost Russia the serious loss of more than 40,000 men; and, according to the accounts received at Bucharest, at least 30,000 horses died. The Russian statements, as might be expected, make it far less; but when the prolonged exposure, during the sieges of Brailow, Schumla, Varna, and Silistria, are taken into account, in addition to the ravages of sickness and the defects of the medical and commissariat departments, these circumstances go far to account for so great a loss to an army that was kept more or less complete, by reinforcements from time to time. At Bucharest alone the deaths were 19,000; that is, 7,000 of the army, and 12,000 of the inhabitants."—pp. 163—5.

His account of the campaign of 1828 in Asia, in the country south of the Caucasus, between the Black and Caspian Seas, is equally interesting and instructive with that just given, more especially his narrative of the siege of Akhaltsikh, but for this we have no space. Suffice it to say, that under the energetic and talented guidance of General Paskevitch, and owing to the unprepared condition of the Turkish forces, and the mistakes of their commander, the Russians were more successful in Asia than

they were in Europe. The following were the results of the campaign:—

"Anapa, Poti, Kars, Akhalkalaki, and Akhaltsikh, with 313 pieces of cannon and about 8,000 prisoners, together with the defeat of Kiossa Muhammad Pasha, before the walls of the latter place, were the fruits of a campaign of five months, at the close of which 15,000 Russians, with thirty-four guns, occupied a semicircle extending from Kars on the right, and by Ardagan to Akhaltsikh on the left.

"The result was no less disappointing to the hopes of the Sultan, than to those of the Moslem people, whose ill-regulated enthusiasm had taught them to believe that they had only to draw their swords and mount their horses, to drive the Giaours beyond the Caucasus. It should be borne in mind, however, that Asia Minor was in no way prepared to resist invasion. Had there even been time to have met the enemy on the frontier with sufficient numbers at the very outset, an untrained people without regular gradations of officers—in fact, without even a military commander, were but ill-suited to oppose a skilful general and experienced soldiers, fresh from a successful war in Persia. The Turks, moreover, were under the extraordinary disadvantage of not having any regular fortress, the defence of which might have given them additional time; for Kars and the other places, owing to the defective state of their works, and the cover afforded to an enemy in the suburbs, &c., were little more than *points d'appui* for a retreating force."—pp. 197-9.

The campaign of 1829 commenced under new commanders on both sides, but the improvement in energy and ability was greater on the Russian than on the Turkish side. No preparations had been made by the Turks during the winter. The new Grand Vizier, Reschid Pasha, after having victory within his grasp, eventually suffered a defeat at the hands of General Diebitsch:

"The Turks lost upwards of 3,000 men, and the Russians, according to their own admission, not less than 63 officers and 2,500 men, at the battle of Kulewtscha. The former had about 33,000 men and 56 pieces of artillery; and the latter 31,000 in action, and 2,000 with the baggage. But the Russians, taking into account their 146 guns, had a decided superiority in the field, independently of the mixed composition of the Turkish force.

"When it is remembered that the Nizam, though nominally regular troops, were then but imperfectly organized, and that the remainder of the Turkish army simply consisted of untrained armed men, it must be admitted that this battle, although lost, did honour to the valour and perseverance of the Osmanli. Their zeal and irregular courage enabled them for many hours to oppose a regular army, commanded by an experienced general; and this successfully, until the shock of a fearful explosion in the midst of their forces threw them into confusion, and gave victory to the Russians. The battle of Kulewtscha proved to be

the fatal turning-point of the two campaigns, and, in the sequel, placed Turkey for a moment at the feet of her invaders."—pp. 225-6.

Silistria now fell, after a courageous defence; and then, without waiting to secure more fortresses, and contenting himself with masking Shumla, General Diebitsch resolved upon the daring movement which closed the war, to the entire advantage of the Russians. Deceiving the Grand Vizier, by pretending to invest Shumla closely, and thus inducing him to withdraw some forces from the mountains, he left part of his army to continue this attack, and with the rest forced his way over the Balkan by the passes north of Aidos, took the Turks completely by surprise, and spreading reports that his numbers were like the leaves of the forest, struck such terror into their forces, that he reached and occupied Adrianople without any opposition. Here, however his destruction was almost certain, unless peace were concluded before his exact numbers and position were known. His effective force was only 21,000 men; he was in the heart of the enemy's country, with only a long and straggling line of communication with the rest of his forces, which line was liable to be broken through and cut off at many points. The passes of the Balkan might be closed against him, and then, if only sufficient opposition arose in front to cause delay, the most he could hope for was a retreat by way of either the Black Sea or the Mediterranean fleet. To pause, therefore, was destruction, and he boldly continued his advance on Constantinople. The result is thus narrated by Colonel Chesney:—

"A humiliating treaty was entered into by the Divan, under the firm belief that hosts which had been compared to the leaves of a forest, numbered at least 60,000 men.

"To put an end to such an alarming invasion and save Constantinople, was a paramount object with the British ambassador, Sir Robert Gordon, more particularly as considerable anxiety was felt lest there should be an outbreak in the capital, for the restoration of the janissaries. A treaty of peace was signed in consequence at Adrianople on the 28th of August, 1829.

"It is said, that Sultan Mahmoud's usual firmness deserted him on this occasion, and that he shed bitter tears on affixing his signature to what he so justly considered a disadvantageous, and even humiliating treaty. It is pretty certain he would have continued the war at all hazards, had he been aware that at that moment the Russian commander, now Marshal Diebitsch Zabalkanski had not more than from 15,000 to 17,000 bayonets. A defective commissariat, and a still worse medical department, caused disease to commence its work as soon as the invaders reached Adrianople. At a grand

review which took place on the 8th of November, 1820, and at which the author was present, there were scarcely 13,000 men of all arms in the field."—pp. 245-6.

In Asia the campaign of 1829, though by no means decisive, was yet in favor of the Russians, owing to the skill of Paskievitch, and the want of it in the Turks, and the Pashalick of Akhaltsikh remained as a permanent addition to the Russian empire, together with another portion of the Black Sea coast. These and the fortress of Brailow in Europe, with a right of control over the entrance of the Danube and 11,500,000 Dutch ducats, were the immediate material advantages gained by Russia by the treaty of Adrianople, in addition to which she acquired rights of interference in the affairs of Wallachia and Moldavia, which have become the proximate and obvious causes of the present war.

Still, on the whole, though the entire advantage was on the side of the Russians, we can now see in how precarious and hazardous a way that advantage was obtained, as well as at how great a loss of men and materials of war; and our cheering reflection is, if the Russians did so little then against the Turks single-handed, and embarrassed, and at the lowest ebb of their fortunes, how much less would they be able to effect now.

After summing up the results of this war, Colonel Chesney gives a brief account of the subsequent aggressions of Russia upon Turkey down to the present time, and then places before us an abstract of the events, with which we are all familiar, that have occurred during the past year. He shows the never-ceasing covetousness of the Czar for the possession of Turkey, as evidenced by all his acts, and the utter falsehood, deceit, and faithlessness which have characterised all his words. It would, indeed, be to insult the good sense of our readers if we endeavored to prove to them how utterly the Emperor Nicholas has broken the faith of a sovereign and the word of honor of a gentleman. No man acting in private life in England, as he has done in European politics, but would be branded with the same mark of disgrace that clings to a sharper or a blackleg.

Colonel Chesney then examines the question of the military defence of Turkey, contrasting the advantages of its present position, its well-organised army, and the united and enthusiastic spirit of the people, with its condition in 1828 and '29. He avows his belief, that had not the Sultan been encumbered with the help of European diplomacy in 1853, he might have met the Russians on the banks of the Pruth, and either have prevented the occupation of the Prin-

capitals, or, at least, have deprived the enemy of great part of the advantages they derived from it. He explains, moreover, clearly, the difficulties the Russians have to contend against in any advance, and shows that the Turks have three great lines of defence—first, the Danube and its fortresses; secondly, the Balkan, with the strong places of Shumla and Varna; and lastly, the lines of Buyuk Tchekmedje, west of Constantinople; and points out to us that the difficulties of the Russians must increase with their advance, since an overwhelming force and an enormous expenditure would be necessary to keep up their communications with their base, and make sure of receiving supplies of provisions and munitions of war. Without the mastery of the Black Sea, indeed, any great and permanent advance of the Russians beyond their present line appears to us almost impossible, except in consequence of an amount of treachery or weakness on the part of the Turks which we cannot suppose them capable of, or an amount of power and resources on the part of Russia which are equally unlooked for. Still remains the question, supposing the Russians to stand on the defensive on their present lines, how are they to be driven out of the Principalities, and the Sultan's dominions restored to him unbroken and unincumbered by the presence of an enemy. Constantinople may be safe, but is he to remain content with that? or are we, as his allies, to be so? Such a supposition is absurd.

On the means of driving the Russians beyond the Pruthi, Colonel Chesney is silent; perhaps advisedly so. We thank him heartily for his book, however, which needs no praise of ours to insure its wide circulation and popularity. The single fault we have to find with it is, the very rough and incomplete nature of his maps, as we think he might have given us some containing more full information, both geographical and strategical.

In closing this article, we would again press on our readers, in the same spirit as in our last number, but with even greater urgency, that this is no little war in which we are engaged. They must be prepared to make far greater sacrifices than any that have been called for yet. The Turkish campaigns, whatever may be the result of them, will be but one incident in this war. It is a war in which, before its final close, the fate of England and France will be involved. Perhaps few results are more to be deprecated by us than a hasty and patched-up peace. The instincts of our aristocratic rulers, on the one hand, have more or less sympathy with the success of despotic power; on the other is the miserable and

purblind policy of the Manchester school, that would go on spinning cotton till there were no customers left to buy it from them. The union of these two spirits is an evil to be feared by all who in our islands draw the breath of freemen, and are worthy to call themselves a people.

This war, once begun, should be fought fairly out. Let us recollect that there are whole nations and races of men—men, like ourselves, with white faces, and whose hair is not woolly—who, in all the highest faculties and attributes of men, are *slaves*. Let us recollect that there are fair provinces and noble lands in our own Europe that are tilled by men who are serfs—almost as much slaves as are the “niggers” of the United States; that even the owners of these serfs and these lands dare not utter their own thoughts, cannot move freely about their own country, and hold their lives and fortunes at the will of one man, or at the pleasure of his subordinates. Let us recollect that we ourselves, if we visit these countries, have to speak with bated breath, and hide our thoughts, if we would not visit the inside of a prison; and that our every act is noted and registered in the books of the police. Let even Manchester recollect that our commerce is crippled, our trade fettered, millions of customers kept from our shops, millions of tons of “goods” debarred from our warehouses; and all this for no real good, but for the fancied security of some certain royal houses, and the support of the minions and the armies that they suppose necessary to that security.

We did right never to commence a crusade even in the cause of freedom;\* but once engaged, once armed and in the field, we should be alike fools and cowards—should the nations rise, as rise they will—to let any paltry state policy, any dynastic family entanglements, or any petty party feelings here at home, hinder our stretching out to them the right hand of fellowship, or at least securing for them a fair field to deal each with their own domestic foes, as their own arms and their own hearts shall give them strength to deal. England and France are henceforth bound, in common honesty and common justice, to oppose intervention by intervention.—Should the despots band together, let our people join with their people; and then, in the bold words of Lord John, we say, “Let God defend the right!”

\* We think England was wrong in not resisting Russia's interference with Hungary's quarrel. If despotisms are allowed to make a “solidarity,” what hope of nations growing freer? “When bad men conspire good men should unite.” But it is not yet too late to thrust back Russia, and then command non-intervention.—*Liv. Age*.

From Household Words.

## BUSY WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH.

It may be as well, just now, to "take stock" in respect to our photographic and stereoscopic knowledge; to see how far the photograph and the stereoscope, up to the present time, have been rendered available for useful purposes. The principles involved in the processes and apparatus, with an account of explanatory details, occupied two papers in former volumes.\* The present article may be considered, in some sense, supplementary to those. Let us first say a little concerning these beautiful arts in their artistic applications.

How astonishing that the sun's light should be made to engrave a steel plate! We know that electricity can do something of this kind, on copper if not on steel; but really it seems even yet more marvellous and beautiful that such deeds can be achieved by the agency of light. Attempts have been made, during many years, to complete the photographic process by engraving the plate impressed with the image; that is, by causing the photographic image to engrave itself, by chemical aid alone, without requiring it to be touched in any way by the hand of artist or engraver. It was a bold thing to hope, but seemingly not too bold; for just about a year ago Mr. Talbot announced that he had actually succeeded in the attempt. To understand the mode of proceeding, it may be necessary to bear in mind that Mr. Talbot gives the name of positive etching to an etching of such a kind that the impressions struck off from it represent the objects positively, or as they are in nature. Well, then; the objects most successfully engraved are said to be such as can be placed in contact with the metallic plate—the leaf of a fern, the light, feathery flowers of a grass, a piece of lace, and so forth. Objects which cast a broad and uniform shadow, such as the opaque leaf of a fern or other plant, produce an etching, which, when printed off, delineates the original in a manner something between an aquatint engraving and an Indian ink drawing. Even a photograph on paper can be made to engrave itself on steel. The minute chemistry of the matter we need say nothing about; but the processes are somewhat as follows:—A salt of potash is dissolved in a solution of isinglass, and is spread over the steel plate; it is dried by artificial warmth; the selected object is laid on the prepared plate and is pressed down close to it by a piece of plate glass; the sun's rays are allowed to act through the glass upon the object and upon the steel plate. The part of the steel plate covered by the object is protected from the action of the solar rays, and remains yellow and unaltered; but those portions which are not covered by the object become to some extent chemically acted upon, and assume a brownish hue. The glass and the object being removed, the plate is steeped in water, by which most of the unchanged layer or film of potash and isinglass is washed off, leaving the metallic

steel more nearly exposed than in the other parts. Another chemical solution prepared from platinum, then has the effect of etching the plate in these exposed parts. Mr. Talbot describes the etching as being so complete, that it appears almost as if the shadow of the object had itself corroded the metal. If a veil of black crape be laid upon the metal plate, every thread of it becomes engraved or etched with wonderful precision and distinctness; and if two thicknesses of the crape are placed upon the metal, obliquely to each other, the resulting engraving offers us confusion, but with the help of a lens the lines belonging to each of the folds can be distinguished from those of the other. An analogous process was discovered by some French photographers; and there can hardly be a doubt that great results will be produced by and by, in the production of engraved copies by these means.

Mighty Sol, portrait painter and artist in general, seems to be pretty nearly indifferent to the material on which he works, provided it be coated with certain chemical preparations. Silvered copper, plain paper, waxed paper, glass—all will serve as "panels" or "canvases" for this universal genius. And now he has adopted a new ground-work; he produces his pictures on wood. A process has lately been devised, whereby portraits, landscapes, and other subjects, can be produced on any smooth piece of wood. Once let this art surmount a few practical difficulties, and we may soon see wooden snuff-boxes and hand-screens, and other minor elegancies decorated with portraits, or scenes from nature, or copies from celebrated pictures, by photographic aid. Nay, a suggestion has been thrown out, whether photography might be applied to wood blocks for wood engravers, for certain purposes, making the drawings by light instead of by hand.

There is a battle going on between the high-toned artists and the practical men, as to the extent to which photography can justifiably be used in art. The æsthetic advocates view the optical stranger with some distrust, and fear that the power of taking dozens of copies of works of art with very little trouble will disentitle those copies to be designated works of art at all. Some of our eminent men, however—eminent as true artists—declare they are ready to avail themselves of the art of photography, in certain tedious details of their art. A story is told of a noble peeress, whose portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence; both the peeress and the artist became tired and cross during the imitation of a satin dress; the impatience of stillness in the one, and the requirement of stillness insisted on by the other, nearly occasioned a collision of tempers. Now it has been urged that the photograph might render admirable aid to an artist, in hundreds of instances such as this. Mechanical exactness the photograph can realise, beyond the power of the eye or the pencil to imitate; and there is ample reason to believe that after accepting aid of this kind in mechanical details, there will always

\* Vol. vii. p. 54, vol. viii. p. 37.



be abundant scope left for the genius of the true artist.

The publication of photographic prints has not yet extended far in England; but in Paris copies of celebrated buildings are sold in large numbers and at low prices. From one negative, many positives may be obtained; as the processes become more and more familiar, the price at which such articles may be sold will become lessened. We have had an example of this kind of art in relation to the Great Exhibition. The Commissioners caused to be prepared, for presentation to the foreign courts, and to a few distinguished bodies, magnificent copies of the Illustrated Catalogue and the Jury Reports, adorned with a large number of photographs relating to exhibited articles; of these photographs there were as many of each taken as there were presentation copies of the whole work; and thus there was a reduplication, or publication, equivalent to that whereby prints of the ordinary kind are diffused among the nations of the world. The great power of multiplication is one secret of the importance of the more recent photographic processes. Daguerre and Talbot, the two chief discoverers in this beautiful art, differed widely in this respect. Daguerre's process gives inverted or reverted pictures, without any power of reproduction or multiplication; but in Talbot's process there is a "negative" produced, whence dozens, or scores, or hundreds of "positives" may be obtained—all cast in the same mould, so to speak.

The power of seeing things when out of sight, as Don Whiskerandos might have said, is given by the aid of photographic pictures. Thus an English engineer has been constructing, over the Dnieper at Kieff, the most magnificent suspension bridge, perhaps, which the world possesses. The puissant Emperor, far away from Kieff, but impatiently longing to know how the work progressed, caused photographs to be sent to him periodically, showing the exact state of the bridge at a given time. Two thousand miles of distance were thus practically annihilated; the Czar could know all that was going on, without stirring from his palace at St. Petersburg, by comparing the photographs successively forwarded to him. Stages of progress, in numerous works of art and of ingenuity, can thus be easily registered, as it were; for each photograph tells a true tale concerning a particular spot at a particular time.

Let us now go from art to literature, and see how photography speeds there.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, in the early part of the present year, asks whether photography might not be well employed in making fac-similes of valuable and rare ancient manuscripts? He suggests that if copies of such manuscripts could be multiplied at a moderate price, there are many proprietors of libraries who would be glad to obtain such copies, which, for all purposes of reference, would answer equally well with the original. The editor of the journal in question coincides with this view,

and adds, "We have now before us a photographic copy of a folio page of a manuscript of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, on which are inscribed a number of characters; and although the copy is reduced so as to be but about two inches high and one and a half broad, it is perfectly legible, and the whole of the contractions are as distinct as if the original vellum was before us." There has been an announcement that a catalogue of the National Library (perhaps now the Imperial Library) of Paris is in preparation, in which a photographic fac-simile of the title-page of each work, in miniature, will be registered—one of the most remarkable means of obtaining rigorous accuracy in catalogues that could possibly be conceived. A biblioplist could then tell at a single glance which edition of a celebrated work he would select, by looking at the miniature photographic portrait of its title page. An Antiquarian Photographic Society has just been started, in which each member is to give to all the others copies in photograph of any objects interesting to all—a gift too costly by any other mode of engraving or drawing.

In science, too, photography has done strange things. It is one among the many unexpected ties of union in natural agencies and processes, that that very sun which has so much to do with temperature, and atmospheric pressure, and dew, and rain, and terrestrial magnetism, should now be called upon to assist in registering all these phenomena—he achieves the great results of his own natural powers, and he then makes a record of his results at the bidding of man. This is no exaggeration of what has been developed by the ingenuity of Mr. Brooke. Every one will at once see, that to obtain a perfect record of the indications of the barometer, the thermometer, the hygrometer, the anemometer, the dipping needle, the declination needle, and other meteorological instruments, so that the whole state of the atmosphere at any one time might be compared with that at any other time, it would be requisite that an observer should be stationed at each instrument night and day continually, to note down the frequent and often unexpected changes. It is the purport of Mr. Brooke's invention to save all this trouble; to make the phenomena register themselves; and moreover to do this more accurately than any observer could accomplish this. A delicate piece of mechanism it is.

If we are ever to know what the Man in the Moon is doing, how he lives, what sort of a house he possesses, what kind of weather he meets with, whether he has any dogs and cats and hares around him, and armies to fight, and steam-engines to work for him,—if we are destined ever to know these things, assuredly the photograph will take a great part in eliciting the information. Even now the photographic portraits of the moon are wonderful achievements. A careful astronomer thought that if, for the nonce, he converted the object glass of his magnificent telescope into a camera, he might, perhaps,

procure a photograph of the moon's visible surface. A lens, three inches in diameter, catches a hundred and fifty times more light than the pupil of the eye; and one fifteen inches in diameter catches twenty or thirty times as much as the smaller lens; so that the moon, which yields to the naked eye too small a quantity of light to photograph its own image, may yield amply sufficient by aid of a large and powerful lens. This is the secret of what has been effected. The astronomer placed a prepared silver plate in the focus of a large telescope; he directed the telescope towards the moon, and made it follow the moon's course in its daily arc: he left the moon's light to do the rest. There was produced an exquisite miniature of the moon, about as large as a crown piece; with the peaks, and ring-shaped elevations, and round and oval patches, and dark and light spots, and serrated shadows, and mountain peaks separated by cavities and craters; and the more closely this little miniature was examined by a microscope, the more clearly did the minute details of the lunar surface become developed. Other astronomers may have done this also; but the honour is due to an American, Professor Bond, of having been the first to surmount the difficulties of this delicate experiment.

Nay, the photograph itself may be an astronomical discoverer; it may tell us something of asteroids and distant planets which we wot not of. When the astronomers of England and France were busily searching the heavens for the far distant planet, which two bold mathematicians had predicted, one of them actually saw the wished-for stranger, but without knowing that it was a stranger. It has been suggested, that if there had existed photographic maps of the stars, taken at a few evenings apart, there might have been something to show that one of these stars was the remote Neptune. And it is also considered that, as the stars emit different kinds of light, and as different kinds of light affect photographic surfaces differently, we may by and by obtain some new and highly curious information concerning stars and planets and their light. One of the stars in the constellation Lyra has already presented a photographic portrait of itself: and it has been calculated from the supposed, but almost inexpressible distance of that star, that the light took more than twenty years in travelling from the star to the prepared silver or paper surface. If so, this is perhaps the slowest example of portrait-painting on record.

But let us now say a little concerning commerce and manufactures, in connection with photography.

The commercial world becomes every now and then a little alarmed, and not unreasonably so, at the startling strides made by science: fearful lest the necessary caution observed in trading matters should be occasionally over-dazzled by the brilliancy of modern discoveries. Thus, as photography is copying all sorts of productions, why not copy a Bank of England

note? In the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty-three, there was a little stir in this matter. Certain paragraphs appeared in the London newspapers, stating that fraud had been practised on the Bank by means of photographic counterfeits of bank-notes. The alarm elicited many suggestions: among which, one was that the notes should be printed on white paper, as usual, but that the paper should be covered with a tasteful design, printed in colours, and so beyond the reach of the photograph to imitate. Others, however, deemed the alarm quite uncalled for. One of the members of the Photographic Society, writing to the Times, stated that the detection of photographic fraud would be easy; that the water-mark of a bank-note results from a difference in the substance or thickness of the paper, and is visible only by transmitted light; that an imitated water-mark would be on the surface only, and would present merely a slight darkening of the front of the note: that it would be visible by reflected as well as by transmitted light; that it would be on the surface only; that by doubling a fraudulent note, so as to see at the same time part of the front and part of the back, the fraud would be at once detected. So the matter ended.

Whoever would have thought of the bag-man, the commercial traveller, lightening his pack by means of the photograph? Yet such seems actually to be the case, in a mode in which it is not very difficult to understand. Certain large and important firms manufacture solid objects of design in the fine arts: and they furnish their travellers with specimens of their best and most novel productions. These specimens are carried from shop to shop, and from town to town, and are given away at last to the best customers. Now the carriage of such specimens is troublesome; they are either bulky, or they require much care, or both. By stereoscopic photographs, two pictures are produced of one object, each under such an angle or aspect as it would present to one eye only; and when the two pictures are viewed by the two eyes through a stereoscope, the effect of solidity, of length and breadth and depth is produced, and the observer's visual organs are affected very much in the same way as they would be by the actual solid objects which those pictures represent. The notion is, therefore, that the manufactured article will be sent, when finished, to a photographer, who will prepare by the camera the two perspectives for the best view of it; and will provide any number of copies of the photographic couplet (this would perhaps be a convenient name for them) thus produced. The traveller would take these pictures or couplets with him; he would also take a stereoscope, in one of the neat and convenient forms now adopted; he would produce his pictures and his stereoscope to his customer, and by their means convey to him a notion of the appearance of the choice wares of his firms. If further improvements enable the opticians to manufacture good stereoscopes at a cheap price, the system may witness a still more re-

markable extension; the shopkeepers or purchasers may have, each his own stereoscope; the manufacturer may send photographic couplets by post; these couplets may be looked at through the stereoscope; and a judgment may thus be formed of the merits of the article submitted for sale.

There are evidently attempts now being made to print ornamental designs on silks and woollen stuffs by means of photography. Hints and short paragraphs meet the eye occasionally, sufficient to show that, either by means of Mr. Talbot's steel engraving process, or by some new development of the art, manufacturers both at home and abroad are trying their hands in this direction. The subject is just in that stage, that any week or any day we may be prepared to hear of photographic novelties, which will produce wonderful results in manufactures.

Railway accidents and war—both bad—are both proposed to be brought under photographic supervision. When a "collision" takes place, the witnesses before a coroner's jury often differ greatly in their accounts of

the relative position of the trains or the locomotives on a railway, but it is urged that if a photograph were taken on the spot, this photograph might perhaps be the best witness of all. Such things have been talked about in England; we believe they have actually been accomplished on one or two occasions in Austria. Of war, we must speak in the future tense. The positions of a fleet, of an army, of a bridge of boats, of a besieging party, of a bastioned and parapetted wall, of a redoubt, of a reconnoitering party, are often of the highest moment to a commander, since those positions may determine his course of proceeding. His aides-de camp and reconnoitering officers give him the most correct information they can furnish on these parts; but what if they could give him faithful pictures, actually showing the state of things at any given moment? The ideas considered so feasible and so valuable, that photographers have actually been sent out with some of the expeditions that have lately left our shores. Strange, scientific, mournful, all at once!

**THE GREAT STEAM-SHIP.**—The ways for laying down the projected immense screw and paddle steamer for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company are in the course of completion at the yard of Mr. Scott Russell at Millwall. Many hundreds of tons of iron for her keel are ready to be put together, and the contracts have been signed for the completion and launching of the ship within two years. The extreme length on main-deck will be 700 feet, being 430 feet longer than the *Himalaya* steamer; extreme length of keel, 680 feet; extreme length of beam, 83 feet; depth of hold (forming four decks), 58 feet; length of principal saloon, 80 feet; height of ditto, 15 feet; tonnage, 10,000, or builder's measurement, 22,000 tons; stowage for coal, 10,000 tons; stowage for cargo, 5000 tons; 500 first-class cabins, with ample space for second and third class passengers, besides troops, &c.; while her screw and paddle engines will be of the aggregate nominal power of 2800 horse. She will also carry an immense quantity of sail. The principle of construction, as designed by Mr. Brunel, will be similar to that of the tube of the Britannia Bridge. Her bottom, decks, and sides are to be double, and of a cellular form, with 2 feet 6 inches between. She will have fourteen water-tight compartments, also two divisional bulkheads running her whole length, so that it would appear as if the principle of the T girder, as we suggested, only in this case doubled, were comprised in the new principles of construction. The great length of the ship, it is contended, according to all present experience, will enable her to pass through the water at a greater velocity, with a similar power in proportion to her tonnage, than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots an hour, and that speed is, in fact,

another result of great size. The immense proportions will admit of carrying sufficient fuel to accomplish a voyage round the world.  
—*Builder.*

**PHANTOM BELLS.**—"The Death Bell."—I have never met, in any work on folk-lore and popular superstitions, any mention of that unearthly bell, whose sound is borne on the death-wind, and heralds his doom to the hearer. Mickle alludes to it in his fine ballad of "Cumnor Halle:"

"The death-belle thrice was heard to ring,  
An aerial voice was heard to calle,  
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing,  
Arounde the towers of Cumnor Halle."

And Rogers, in his lines "To an Old Oak:"

"There once the steel-clad knight reclined,  
His sable plumage tempest-tossed:  
And as the death-bell smote the wind,  
From towers long fled by human kind,  
His brow the hero crossed."

When ships go down at sea during a terrible tempest, it is said the "death-bell" is often distinctly heard amid the storm-wind. And in tales of what is called Gothic superstition, it assists in the terrors of the supernatural.

Sir W. Scott perhaps alluded to the superstition in the lines:

"And the kelpie rang,  
And the sea-maid sang,  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

*Notes and Queries.*

From Chambers's Journal.

## WHAT IS A CONGREVE ROCKET?

WHOEVER has stood upon a fortification near a cannon when fired, will have noticed the recoil, or backward movement of the piece on its wheels. More feelingly the force of the recoil will manifest itself to the rookshooter, who, firing skyward many times in succession, often gets punished for his wanton destruction of corvine-life, by a bruised shoulder, or occasionally even a broken collar-bone.

Now, in all ordinary cases, it is the object of the gunmaker—understanding the term gun in its generic sense, including cannon as well as small-arms—to deaden or diminish this force of recoil. As concerns small firearms, more especially rifles and pistols, any considerable recoil is most injurious, as it throws the barrel out of the due line of aim; and this is the chief reason why so great a weight of metal is put into such barrels. In the case of pieces of ordnance, it will be found that the force of recoil, when it goes beyond a certain extent, not only disarranges the aim, but renders the piece unmanageable, more especially on board ship.

Let us suppose, now that the cannon on the fortification is charged—is discharged—and recoils. The explosion, however, being instantaneous, the recoil soon comes to an end. If the explosion were susceptible of prolongation, and if the mouth of the cannon could be maintained by some device in its original position, then the best way of attacking an enemy, supposing the expense of a cannon to be no object, would be to turn the breech of the gun towards him, and allowing it to take flight through the air like any other projectile. This notion may cause a smile; but we do not know in what manner the general theory of Rockets could be rendered so intelligible, as by commencing where we have commenced—with the recoil of a gun. A rocket, in point of fact, may be described as a gun charged with a slow-burning combustible, so that when discharged, or rather ignited, it recoils, first a little, then a little more, and so more and more, until the force of recoil imparts to the mass a power proportionate to its weight multiplied by its velocity. Most people have seen a sky-rocket; many have examined it, perhaps; still more have traced the fiery course of the beautiful pyrotechnic ornament as it mounted aloft with arrow-like velocity, then watched its graceful bend and final distribution of variegated stars. Lastly, most persons are cognizant, we presume, of the fact, that each rocket is furnished with a stick, serving the purpose of a rudder or a tail. Now, the sky-rocket is propelled in consequence of its own recoil. Were we to retain the idea with which we commenced our description, we should say *repelled* in consequence of this recoil; but inasmuch as recoil becomes in the rocket the primary or chief force, we had better, from this period to the end of the paper, turn our ideas of recoil upside down. As for the stick-tail, or rudder—the reader may denominate it as he pleases—its use is to keep the mouth or aperture of the

rocket, from which the flame escapes, continually, downwards. It is tied laterally to the rocket. If it admitted of being affixed centrally, then the flight of the rocket would be more direct, instead of having a general tendency to lateral flight. Considering the rocket as an ornamental firework, this directness of flight would be rather prejudicial than otherwise, its curvilinear path being exceedingly beautiful. Were it desired, however, to metamorphose the sky-rocket into a warlike projectile, then, in proportion to its directness of flight, would be its advantages.

Step by step, we are now approaching the construction of a Congreve or war rocket, which, as at present made, chiefly differs from a sky-rocket in the two particulars, of having a sheet-iron instead of a paper cone, and of being supplied with a central instead of a lateral stick. The first Congreve rockets did not possess the latter advantage. They had sticks laterally attached, like those of ordinary sky-rockets, as may be seen in the Rotunda or Military Museum at Woolwich. Of this kind were the rockets employed by our troops at the battle of Leipzig; and so desolating were their effects, that some French troops against which they were fired immediately laid down their arms. The war-rocket is so intimately associated with the name of Sir William Congreve, that by over-zealous advocates he is assumed to be their inventor, although he himself disclaims the honour. In his book on the rocket-practice, he states that rockets, considered as projectile weapons, were of great antiquity in India and China, and claims to be only the improver of the weapon. Indeed, we have met with undoubted testimony, that the projectile force of the rocket used as a military weapon was known in Europe before the latter part of the sixteenth century: in the year 1598 appeared the collection of *Traité Militaires*, by Hanzelet, in which book there exists not only a full description of the manner of using rockets as military weapons, but a rude wood-cut, showing the method of firing them.

Some years ago, we remember to have seen in the London Adelaide Gallery certain Chinese war-rockets. They were captured by our troops at the siege of Amoy, and brought to the British metropolis. To all intents and purposes, they were sky-rockets, with the sole addition to each of a barbed arrowhead affixed laterally in the line of the stick, and projecting beyond the head of the rocket. Compared with even the smallest Congreve rockets employed in our service, they were insignificant affairs. Their flight would be altogether irregular, their power of penetrating comparatively weak. Nevertheless, one of them would undoubtedly have killed a man at the distance of 200 yards: consequently, these Chinese weapons admit of being regarded as a variety of small firearm; while even the smallest Congreve rocket may be compared with artillery. So much, then, concerning the history of the war-rocket up to the time of Congreve. He was the first who employed an iron instead of a paper case. He was also the first who applied the central stick; and suc-

ceeded in making rockets of one denomination so equal in weight, that the elements of the flight of one being known, data were afforded for the discharge of others.

The war-rocket is a very terrible instrument of destruction, possessing certain advantages which other projectiles do not. Thus for example, the discharge of rockets, as a consequence of their very nature, is attended with no recoil against a solid body. That which corresponds with recoil in an ordinary gun, is, as we have seen, the propulsive force of the rocket, and the counterpart of this propulsive force is exerted against the air. Owing to this absence of practical recoil, rockets may be fired from boats just large enough to carry them; whereas shells of equal weight, if employed in naval warfare, can be fired only from very strong ships. Rockets carrying within themselves their own propulsive power, require neither guns nor mortars to project them; consequently, they may be fired from places altogether inaccessible to artillery, and they may be constructed of much larger dimensions than any available shot or shell. Gun-founders are now pretty well agreed that no piece of ordnance can be cast without flaws if much larger than a 13-inch mortar; and the weight of the latter is 5 tons, although the charged 13-inch shell scarcely weighs 200 pounds. The French tried the experiment of increasing the size of a mortar preparatory to the siege of Antwerp. The experiment was unsuccessful, their monster-mortar bursting after having been only a few times discharged. 'The rocket,' to use the words of Congreve, 'brings into operation the power of artillery everywhere, and is nowhere embarrassed by the circumstances limiting the application of artillery.' It imparts to infantry and cavalry the force of artillery, in addition to the power of their own respective arms. Thus, a foot-soldier might, on particular occasions, carry several 12-pound rockets, each having the propulsive and penetrating effect of a 12-pound cannon-shot, without the embarrassment of the 12-pounder gun. The rocket, as we shall hereafter discover, may be discharged on many occasions without the aid of any apparatus—but even the corresponding rocket tube, by means of which its accuracy of flight is promoted, weighs only 20 pounds, whereas the weight of a 12-pounder gun is no less than 18 hundredweights. In addition to this advantage, the flight of a rocket is visible; whereas the flight of ordinary warlike projectiles is invisible, and superadded to the power of penetration, the rocket has that of scattering the devastation of fire. These properties of the war-rocket being considered, the reader will be at no loss to understand some of the advantages possessed by the missile.

Nevertheless, the employment of the war-rocket is not attended with those universal advantages over shot and shell claimed for it by Congreve. Amidst its good qualities there lurks the very bad one of irregularity of flight, its accuracy of trajectory curve not being comparable with that of a cannon-ball or shell. Rockets can be advantageously fired neither

against a wind nor across the direction of a wind, and for reasons which a little consideration will render obvious. The long wooden stick affords a powerful lever for the wind to act upon, the iron rocket itself being at the same time unequally affected; hence ultimate deflection takes place. The striking of a casual object in the course of a rocket's flight is another ordinary cause of deflection; and to such an extent is deflection occasionally produced from this cause, that rockets have sometimes come back, like boomerangs, to the spot whence they were fired. Something of this kind once occurred at Woolwich during a military exhibition got up for the gratification of Marshal Soult. The veteran, amongst other displays, was shown what our war-rockets could accomplish; when one of these erratic missiles striking against a stone or something of that sort, immediately departed from its normal course, bounded high aloft, and finally rushing down, plunged deep into a bank near where the marshal was posted. It was on account of this erratic propensity to which rockets are somewhat given, that they were never great favourites with the Duke of Wellington. Some of the newly invented projectiles having been forwarded to the Peninsula, the Duke took an early opportunity of trying their range and effects. The British outposts were on one side of a marsh; the enemy's outposts on the other. The distance was convenient: the rockets were pointed, lighted and discharged. The result was anything but satisfactory. Either because the wind was unfavourable, or because the rockets had not been long enough in the field to know friend from foe, or for some other reason, they with common consent turned tail to the enemy, and came back to their friends! The Duke entertained a prejudice against them from that day forthwith. Nevertheless, they are acknowledged to have saved a brigade of Guards during the passage of the Adour; and subsequently, at Waterloo, they made sad havoc amongst the enemy.

The original ideas of Sir William Congreve relative to the best manner of arming troops with the war-rocket have never been carried out. He advocated the distribution of the missile to every branch of the service—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. He objected to the formation of a special rocket service: however, in this matter, his opinions have been overruled. Congreve suggested three methods of firing his rockets: 1. From a tube, and singly; 2. In a volley from many tubes, mounted on one carriage; 3. In a volley from the ground. Two only of these methods are now retained—namely, the first and the third. The rocket tube is a pipe or cylinder of metal corresponding in size with the diameter of the rocket intended to pass through it, and its business, to give a correct line of flight. In the earlier days of Congreve rocket practice, there were no tubes, deeply grooved surfaces being used instead. The rocket tube is so contrived that it can be placed at any angle of elevation, and be thus pointed in the manner of a gun. The proper line of aim having been secured, the rocket is



trust into the tube, and ignited, when, after deliberating for an instant, it rushes through and pursues its destructive course. Having thus made evident the construction and use of a rocket tube, the reader will readily understand the intention of a compound-tube arrangement. Let him imagine twenty or thirty of such tubes mounted on one carriage, each tube discharging its own rocket—and a correct notion of what is understood by the tube-volley will be acquired. This apparatus is no longer retained in our service, the ground-volley of rockets being employed instead. In the ground-volley, the rockets are merely placed on the ground (which must be moderately smooth), with their heads toward the enemy, when they are ignited, and speed away. For the first hundred yards, they ordinarily pursue a course of considerable regularity, seldom rising above the height of a man's head; ultimately, however, their flight becomes exceedingly irregular, darting about in all directions. This, in certain cases, is not disadvantageous, but the reverse. So impossible is it to predict where one of these rockets run wild will go, that it is in vain for anybody to think of getting out of its way.

A great many endeavours have been made to avoid the necessity of employing a rocket-stick. Congreve never could succeed in this attempt, but Mr Hale has been more fortunate. We do not exactly know the principle on which his rockets are made, but we believe he causes them to assume a rotatory or rifled motion, and thus provides for their regularity of flight. Mr. Hale has, moreover, introduced other improvements in the manufacture of rockets. He does not fill them by ramming in the composition, but by the more equable force of hydrostatic pressure, by which means a larger amount of composition is introduced than can be effected by the ordinary method. Nor must we forget to mention the very ingenious device of this gentleman for restraining the rocket during the first moments of its propulsive endeavours. Although the power of a rocket, when in full flight, is tremendous, yet its initial effort is very trifling; so much so, that one of considerable dimensions may be held back by a very small restraining force. Now, it happens that, in the ordinary course of firing, a Congreve rocket is apt to droop as it first leaves the tube, thus losing much of the accuracy of flight it would otherwise have possessed. This drooping is in consequence of the paucity of the force it has as yet acquired—for rockets, in point of fact, like young people, go astray sometimes from the circumstance of beginning their career too soon: so it occurred to Mr. Hale, that he

would hold back his projectiles—not by the tail, for they are devoid of that ornament—but hold them back by a sort of spring, from which they cannot free themselves until they have acquired a certain definite initial pressure.

We now conclude these remarks on Congreve rockets, by stating the chief occasions on which they have been employed. The first was in October 1806, when rockets of very large calibre were brought into requisition for the bombardment of Boulogne. In less than half an hour after the first commencement of attack, the town was observed to be on fire in many places, and the damage effected was doubtless very great, although its exact extent was never known, the French taking such effectual means to guard the secret, that our ambassador, Lord Lauderdale, whilst passing through Boulogne shortly after the attack, was vigilantly watched, lest he might observe the extent of the ravage. In 1807, Copenhagen was bombarded with very heavy rockets; and again with great effect, they were subsequently used against Acre. These are the chief occasions in which Congreve rockets have been used at sea. In the land-service, their employment dates from the battle of Leipsic, where they were employed with terrible effect. Their history during the Peninsular war has already been given—also at Waterloo. The Congreve rocket is no longer a secret in our keeping. Various continental nations now make and employ them very effectually. The Austrian rockets are said to be particularly good. One of the most curious applications of the Congreve rocket was in the slaughter of spermaceti whales. We have now lying before us a 6-pounder whaling rocket, precisely similar to the military prototype in every respect, save that of being furnished with a harpoon-head. The idea of using the Congreve rocket for this purpose was ingenious enough. The inventor intended that the missile, when discharged, should penetrate into the very centre of the whale; then bursting, fill the huge animal with such an amount of gas, that swim he must, whether he chose to do so or not all very pretty in theory, no doubt, but entirely false in practice. Congreve whaling-rockets did not come into general use; nevertheless, they must have been made in very large numbers. We remember on one occasion, to have seen a stock of many thousands lying idle in the store-rooms of a large whaling establishment. And now, in conclusion, let us state, that the largest Congreve rockets ever made weigh about 300 pounds, are eight or ten feet high, and have sticks in proportion. Very pretty visitors these to come hissing into the midst of a town!

#### DRAYTON'S SCHOOLING IN LOVE.

"THINE eyes taught me the alphabet of love,  
To ken my cross-row ere I learned to spell,  
For I was apt, a scholar like to prove;  
Gave me sweete looks when as I learned well:  
Vowes were my vowels, when I then begunne,  
At my first lesson in thy sacred name;  
My consonants the next when I had done,

Words consonant, and sounding to thy fame;  
My liquids then, were liquide christall teares;  
My cares my mutes, so mute to crave reliefe;  
My dolefull diphthongs were, my life's despair;  
Redoubling sighes the accents of my griefe;  
My love's schoole-mistresse now hath taught  
me so.

That I can read a story of my woe."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## DON'T PROPOSE.

ONLY don't propose to me! I really like you so;  
We suit each other charmingly, at ball or feast,  
you know.

We can brighten for each other best the revel's  
careless hours,

We can gather from each other still, the mo-  
ment's passing flowers,

We ever best can gladden life's river as it flows.  
Through sunny beds and quiet—but I hope you  
won't propose!

No voice suits mine so well as yours, in gay duet  
or song,

No other arm can guide me safe, through the  
polka's whirling throng:

No other laugh re-echoes half so merrily to mine,  
No other hand so tastefully my bouquet's flow-  
ers can twine;

None *save* me half so cleverly from *boreds*—my  
deadliest foes;

I cannot do without you—Oh! I hope you  
won't propose!

Why will you try for sentiment? you never  
used to talk

Of aught but fun or nonsense, in long quadrille  
or walk.

Why will you sigh? I really like your ringing  
laugh the best.

Why frown at me for lingering with another  
joyous guest?

Why will you talk of hopes and fears? why  
hint at friendship's close?

You never used to tease me so—Oh! I hope  
you won't propose!

For you know I should refuse you—I must love  
before I wed;

What should we two do together when the sum-  
mer sun had fled?

And, then, we must be strangers—must pass  
each other by,

With flushing cheek and distant bow, and cold,  
averted eye.

Why doom our gay companionship to so dolor-  
ous a close?

We like each other much too well—I hope you  
won't propose!

Let us still be smiling when we part, and happy  
when we meet;

Let us together pluck the bloom of the flowers  
at our feet;

Let us leave the deeper things alone, and laugh,  
and sing, and dance;

And flirt a little now and then, to speed an  
hour perchance.

Oh! there's a deal of pleasure in sunny links  
like those;

Don't break the rosy ties just yet—*dear*  
Charley, don't propose!

KATIE.

## A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

MORTALITY is Change's proper stage:  
States have degrees as human bodies have,  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter and the  
Grave.—*Lord Brooke.*

## CHAPTER VII.

## FORTUNES OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

MISS FALCONTOWER was looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever; the cause of which, as the painter saw at a glance, was the artistical arrangement of her dress, and its strict subordination in form and colour to the face. What was desired was evidently a portrait of the woman as nature, not the milliner, had made her: and Robert could not but admire the skill with which the background was arranged, so as to throw the whole emphasis upon the speaking features. The scene recalled to him at once the apparition of the day before, bringing sunshine into the drawing-room, as it advanced up the lengthened vista, and enabled him to establish a connection between the two in conception and design. So much the better for him, whose business it was to make a picture, not to estimate character; and he gave himself up to the intoxicating task before him with his customary zeal and determination. He was a study to her, as she was to him, and his deep steady gaze was no interruption to her thoughts; for it was evident that he regarded her, not in her individual self, but as a mere object of art. It may be a question whether Claudia had ever before in her life looked so long at a handsome man.

'You have a fair idea of your art,' said Sir Vivian, who had been watching the process with interest; 'but I would advise a portrait-painter to engage his sitter in conversation, interesting enough to draw out the expression of character. He cannot otherwise obtain a correct likeness.'

'I must get hold of the vehicle first,' replied the artist; 'the soul will then, I hope, come by degrees. As for a correct likeness, that is the result of a mechanical tact, sometimes possessed by the merest dauber. A true artist, such as I am trying to learn to be, paints the mind as well as the body, and renders in colours what the sitter is unconscious of himself. This marks the distinction between photography and art. The former, being without intelligence, can copy only the external features; while the latter, although less skilful in this part of the process, is able to seize upon the intellectual being. Even as photography represents surfaces with such exquisite minuteness as to trace phenomena invisible to the naked eye, so art brings out flaws or beauties of the character unsuspected before. This is called, though not with philosophical accuracy, idealising. This is what the Greek sculptors accomplished in regard to beauty, bringing perfection out of the straining womb of nature, and raising the human to the divine.' This was pursuing the subject into a channel where Sir Vivian was out

of his depth, for it was precisely in surfaces he was learned; but his more accomplished daughter was able to keep up the conversation with the young artist, whom it was obviously, for some reason or other, her wish to 'trot out.' The sitting, however, was very brief. Miss Falcontower, true to her tactics, got up before the artist supposed he had well begun; and he was led off to view the collection of pictures and statuary which the baronet had always great delight in showing.

Sir Vivian appeared to be well pleased with the young man, both as a speaker and a listener. In the former capacity, Claudia was industrious in drawing him out, and in the latter, he was himself very willing to be drawn in, for the baronet possessed abundant stores of information and anecdote connected with art. On a new occasion, Robert did not scruple to take the part of the father against his patroness.

'Look!' said Claudia, 'is not that fine? There is one of those grand cathedrals, in which the genius of Christianity, spurning the old heathen law, seems to symbolise the glorious liberty of the Gospel. The classic temples have passed away from men's reverence with their empty religion, and in this new form of art the new nations of Europe have stamped their own identity. Is it too much to hope that, in the advancement of taste, the whole land will become a field of Gothic architecture, and that men will turn away from classicism, just as they have turned away from the false gods it enshrined?' Robert smiled gravely.

'I should like to hear your sentiments on this point,' said Sir Vivian, 'for my daughter and I have argued upon it till we have nothing new to say on the subject.'

'I do not know that I either,' replied Robert, 'can have anything new to say on the subject, for my opinions lie quite on the surface. The classic style of architecture was adapted to a religion wanting in depth and intensity—to the same revelation of poetry which gave rise to the immortal sculptures of the Greeks, where the presiding divinities are Beauty and Repose. Early Christianity had its hidden temples in glens and caves, in the mean rooms of cities, in desert solitudes where the cells of Hermits, gathering other cells around them, formed the nuclei of populous convents. But when there arose out of the simple arrangements of the apostles, a hierarchy composed of secular as well as religious princes, when the symbolical crook became a kingly sceptre that made the world tremble, and when Christianity grew into a mystery too holy and too awful for vulgar eyes to contemplate—then was there reared a shrine fitted for the majestic worship—a shrine rising frequently from the ruins of heathen temples; then pinnacle upon pinnacle pierced the yielding sky; then gorgeous processions rolled along amid groves of sculptured stone,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise.

For a Roman Catholic cathedral,' continued Robert, 'no architecture is so well adapted as the Gothic; but when the reform of Luther let

in upon the religious gloom a portion of the light of day, a modification was demanded which, so far as I know, has not yet been supplied.'

'Then,' said Claudia, who saw with some discontent what was coming, 'you would have a new style for every form of belief?'

'I would have the genius of bodies of men give way to their impulses and convictions in art as in religion, and cease to copy forms that for them have lost life and meaning.'

'Then suppose you take the lowest sect, composed of worshippers who gather round the pastor with no more ceremonial than the literal sheep round their shepherd—what tabernacle would you devise for them?'

'Art is beautiful even in its austere forms, because so is the nature it worships. Even the original shrine of the faith you allude to—a lonely nook among the hills, where it was born of persecution, and nourished with blood, and where the devotees listened to the word of life with their Bible kept open on their knees with their naked swords, was not wanting in this quality. For these I would revert to the classical model, but of an era prior, as we might suppose, to the time when the stern and simple superstition submitted to the elegant adornments of poetry. I would have the portico composed of Tuscan columns rising naked out of the earth, like the trunks of forest trees: the pediment either entirely blank, or inscribed only with a text of Scripture in the black austere characters termed grotesque, that are like the rudiments of Roman letters; and the external walls either wholly plain or strengthened more than adorned with Tuscan pilasters.'

'Well done!' cried Sir Vivian—'that is a good idea.'

'But why limit the classical model to a service like this? If we discard it for the less simple forms of Christianity, are there not purposes in which poetry is the presiding feeling, apart from religion, and where elegant repose is the grand essential? Could anything be finer or more harmonious than a Greek temple consecrated to works of painting and sculpture? For a gentleman's seat, set down in the midst of a tree-garden in an undulating and picturesque country, the abode of wealth and taste, and in itself a gallery of art, no model could be imagined better adapted than the classical villa. On the other hand, a country abode perched on a rocky height, and surrounded by natural woods, would demand the Gothic form; and so likewise would the simple hamlet and the solitary hut. But imagine a whole street—a whole town of this architecture—in which the multitudinous variety is confined to details, with the same unvarying character pervading the whole! It would be almost as bad—if anything could be almost as bad—as our present rows of stone or brick boxes, with oblong holes in the walls for the inhabitants to look through and indulge themselves with the sight of rows of boxes on the other side of the way, the counterpart of their own.'

'But the age and the men, my good sir!' cried

Claudia—'would you not have architecture adapted to the circumstances that give it birth? and are not we Goths, to take that as the generic name, just as the classic builders were Greeks and Romans?'

'No: we are no more Goths than we are Greeks or Romans. We are the *result* of the collision which took place when the fresh and vigorous barbarians threw themselves headlong upon the senile refinement of the empire, and gave a new character to the genius of Europe. The retrograde movement was changed for one of progress—for there is no point of rest for the human mind. The present age is merely one of the moral series which then commenced; and our grand distinction is an enlightened eclecticism, which gathers to itself the true and the beautiful wherever they are found, in the past or in the present, and hands them on in triumph to the future. To make the architecture of such an age exclusively Gothic or exclusively classic, to bind down its pictorial art to the mediæval or the revival, is, I venture to think, a dream that can be realised only when the effect of the collision of races is worn out and lost, and the downward movement begins anew.'

In such conversations a great part of the forenoon passed away; and when the artist at length took his leave, Claudia confessed to herself that she had enjoyed a novel kind of amusement, in listening to the opinions of one who spoke thus plainly and zealously without reference to the rank or sex of the company. This was an enjoyment she had not experienced till now since girlhood, and a dim picture rose upon her dream of a new social world, invested with such colourings of romance as are thrown by the imagination upon strange and distant lands.

'You are interested by this young man?' said her father, who observed her reverie.

'Yes; he speaks as if he thought, and that is much. Whether his thoughts are just or not is another question. I like him, too, because he looks you full in the eyes both when he speaks and listens.'

'And, upon my word, the eyes are very handsome with which the young fellow does look!'

'That may be of some moment to him; it is nothing to us. But one thing is clear—that he will never be a painter. He thinks too much and too subtly of the theory of art to become great in the practice; for practical art is an instinct, the achievements of which may be followed, but cannot be preceded by theory. No; he has no more chance of becoming a painter in this way, than he would have of becoming a poet by learning to manufacture rhymes at the university. But he writes too. He has had an article accepted by a quarterly review; and I think we should see that. He is not vain, not selfish, not mercenary, and his feelings chance to be with the party in ascendancy. Do you not see my thought? As a secretary without the name, and without consciousness on his own part, he might render you important service. You have retrograded of late, as he calls it, and you must renew the onward movement.'

'You are right, Claudia: I see it all. But why wait, since we know that he has words and ideas?'

'But we can only guess that he has the art of writing, that he has an elegant pen, and a logical head to direct it.'

'Well, be it as you will, but don't lose sight of him. I am now for the club.'

'Why wait?' mused Claudia when she was alone. 'Might it not be better if'—and she moved some paces after her father. 'No!' and her thought spoke with decision: 'what is he to us if he be not the tool we require?—Nothing but a mediocre artist, a fluent speaker, and a handsome and amiable man!' She turned round calmly, proudly. She looked tall—for her medium size. The flash that served for a smile played over her still features, like moonlight—no, like Sunlight on a marble statue. It may have expressed contempt of some idea that had swept across her brain; it may have indicated a joyous confidence in her own will and power; it may have flitted over those lovely lips in mere amusement and delight, as a butterfly hovers, on some breathless noon, over a rose. But so she glided, with that illumined face—slow, erect, silent, phantom-like—from the room.

This was interesting society for Robert, although he was probably unconscious at the time of the unspeakable benefit he derived from it. The introduction to the familiar acquaintance of an elegant and accomplished woman of society, forms an era in the history of a young man isolated from the world, an era from which may generally be dated his fairest prospects in life. But unluckily for our adventurer, this came at a time when his circumstances appeared to require something to lower rather than elevate his ideas. His business, small as it was, became still smaller, for he was now absent from the studio at the very time when sitters were the most likely to nibble; and perhaps Claudia had little idea of the sacrifices and deprivations the poor artist submitted to for the pleasure of painting her portrait. The pleasure was great; for in respect to female companionship, nine-tenths of the struggling young men of London might as well be in a huge monastery, where no such thing can be enjoyed, except when of a secret and criminal character. The pleasure, however, was supplemented by the hope of eventual profit; for Robert had not so humble an opinion of his talent for art as Claudia had formed; and he looked forward to the day when the exhibition of his work, which he intended to be worthy of the lovely and fashionable original, would fill his studio with clients and his coffers with money. The two motives acted and reacted upon each other. To arrive at fame and wealth, it was necessary to indulge largely in the pleasure; and to be able to indulge largely and continuously in the pleasure, wealth and fame were indispensable.

But Claudia's judgment was probably more correct than his own; for although he got hold of the vehicle easily enough, the soul seemed very unwilling to come forward. He was at length much downcast on the subject, and some-

times he even conjectured that there might peradventure be no soul to come: but again when he looked into the blaze of her eyes, he could not conceive that so dazzling a light could be a quality of mere external beauty. His want of success did not seem to disconcert his patronesses. He repeatedly breakfasted with her and her father on the mornings of the brief sittings, and sometimes when they were not quite alone; and at length he was invited to dinner, that he might be made acquainted with Sir Vivian's brother, Lord Luxton. This invitation was given when his hopes of being able to maintain the tailed coat were almost at zero, and Claudia mistook the gloomy perplexity of his look for some feeling of self-distrust.

'Do come,' said she, 'if you are not otherwise engaged; for as you say you are unaccustomed to society, you will be amused. By the way, I should not have conjectured that from your manner in company: it is just what it should be. The reason, I take it, is that you are calm, self-possessed, and observant. You are not thinking of yourself, but of the things and persons around you; and in order to secure this state of quietude, you fall into a natural imitation, carried only sufficiently far to avoid attracting observation in return.'

'Upon my word,' said Robert, amused in spite of his anxieties, 'you give me credit for more tact than I possess. I have really no motives at all, and no determinate line of conduct; I merely look, and listen, and speak when it is necessary, without thinking about the matter.'

'Precisely. A vulgar man always thinks about the matter. The bashful vulgarian described by our ancestors—that modest individual who used to suppose that the observation of the whole company was absorbed in him, and was ready to sink with apprehension at the idea that he was not looking or doing to the best advantage—seems to have died out as the present generation came in. The existing vulgarian is a gentleman of more nerve. He takes the most strenuous measures to conceal his vulgarity, to evidence his self-possession, to convince you that he is at home in the part. He considers it necessary to be constantly doing or saying something. Like Bottom the weaver, he is for playing everything in the piece, and would even take a portion of the business of the servants out of their hands, if they would let him. But the servants are now a great estate in the social realm: more and more every day is intrusted to their management, and the company have nothing to do but to be quiet and enjoy themselves.'

'But is there not something to learn in etiquette? Are there not new table customs, for instance, frequently coming in?'

'None that you will outrage, if you only keep quiet, and observe what other people do; and few, I may add, that do not come naturally to good sense and good taste: that is a striking characteristic of our age. But after all, the laws of etiquette are not like those of the Medes and the Persians; few people mind infringing them a little when it suits their whim or con-

venience. The grand thing is to take it easy, and be quiet. I had once a peep, through a glass-door, at a dinner-party at a tradesman's where I looked in at an unusual hour—and how the first glance astonished me! The table, and its paraphernalia of silver, porcelain, and crystal; the dishes, the dresses of the guests, male and female—all were the exact counterpart of what is seen at a fashionable dinner. But the second glance reassured me, and I trembled no more for the fate of my order. The whole thing was overdone—stiff, formal, and therefore awkward. It was a Belgravian picture cut in wood—and not by a Grinling Gibbons. Everybody at the table was thinking about the matter, hosts and guests alike—all determined to be rigidly right: it was, in short, the fashion you see in a stuck-up dress doll in a shop-window.'

'I see what you mean,' said Robert; 'fashion must be adhered to, but only in an easy, quiet way, and for your own, not for fashion's sake. But are there not some persons, even in your own circle, who carry things a little further; for instance, the Countess of Tasseltop you talked of the other morning?'

'O yes, poor little creature! she takes a great deal of trouble, and we are all much obliged to her. But the small working-class of fashion, as we may call it, is quite distinct from the great, refined, and intellectual body who pay it external deference, profit by its labours, and laugh at it.'

'And the Tasseltop—what do you call it? you all wear, was that invented by her ladyship?'

'Her ladyship got it from her ladyship's milliner; the milliner received it, after numerous throes of inventive genius, from her forewoman; and the forewoman, a clever person, but used up long ago, extorted the idea from one of the hands she patronises who works nineteen hours a day for the distinction. It is the distressed needlewomen who give the law of costume to the world of fashion.'

The dinner served as a good illustration to a portion of this lecture; and Robert, in spite of his gloomy forebodings, was certainly amused—although, as Claudia had recommended, in a quiet way. Owing to an accidental circumstance, he came late, when the rest of the party, which was in all eight in number, had assembled. There were no introductions, and he heard no names. The *coup-d'œil* presented by the dining-room was magnificent, but he thought the quantity of plate almost, if not quite, overstepped the modesty of taste. The dinner was a more prolonged repast than he thought had been customary in this country, and he had time to observe his neighbors. These had no great distinction of aspect. One was a very fat, good-humoured-looking old man, jovial and hearty in his manner—just the person to have been vulgar to the last extreme, if not saved by a perfect *savoir faire*, and an air of gentlemanly ease which could have been the result only of life-long habitude. Another was a little, meagre, unwholesome, elderly man, looking marvellously like a journeyman tailor suffering from the consequences of an intemper-



ance he now kept in check by means of a pledge. He, too, was obviously to the manner born, and withal tenderly, and not ungracefully, assiduous in his attentions to a pompous good-looking, middle-aged dame, the matron of the feast, whose neck, arms, and fingers glittered with diamonds. Another young lady belonged to that class of women who have no character at all, and could be described only as having a sweet insipid face, and as constantly saying: 'What a love!'—'Those dearest children!'—'How I do dote on that aria!'—'My darling Mrs. So-and-so!' Robert sat next to this youngish lady, and turned away with a cloyed appetite from the sweets when they came upon the table. The remaining guest belonged, like himself, to the class of 'clever people.' He had only recently come into notice, and was a candidate for one of certain commissionerships which, from his services to the government and his literary reputation, he was considered sure of obtaining. He had taken reasonably well to the manners of the circle where he was now noticed, although born himself only in the respectable middle class, but had not entirely got rid of the feeling of novelty, and appeared to have every now and then a spasm of exulting surprise as the idea occurred to him of his present position and expected good-fortune.

The dinner passed quietly and agreeably away; the beautiful hostess dealing her lightning flashes with perfect impartiality round the table, and every now and then, with an admirable tact, quite distinct from the obtrusiveness of former days, contriving to attract the attention of any one who seemed to have fallen aside out of observation. When the ladies at length retired, there was some social and even merry chat; but little wine was taken, little time consumed, and Robert by and by found himself for a minute or two tête-à-tête with Claudia in the drawing-room. From her he learned, with some surprise, that the fat, jovial old man was Lord Luxton; that the elderly journeyman tailor was the Earl of Tasseltop, the husband of the fashionable countess; that the sweet, youngish lady was the scion of a ducal family; and the pompous matron the wife of a wealthy parvenu, but herself allied to some of the highest families in the kingdom.

Our adventurer, on going home at night to his three-pair back, suffered from a little confusion of mind. His wonder was, how it was all to end—what was to become of the anomalies of his position—whether he was actually to be a top-sawyer, or subside into the pit? It wanted sometime yet to the publication of the next review, and it was with something like alarm he remembered—a feeling he was by no means accustomed to—that after his sumptuous fare of to-day, he had to look to the chances of the world for to-morrow's dinner. His case was the more perplexing, that Miss Falcontower seemed to have cooled upon the business of the portrait. So far from being in any hurry to get it finished, she was evidently protracting the time. At the dinner-table, while bringing out the other clever man in his peculiar walk, she had suffered him to remain the great un-

known. She had not even redeemed her promise of introducing him to her uncle. Was it not obvious that art had failed him, and that he was to receive a new trial in literature—at some indefinite time?

In considerable perturbation of mind, but with a stern resolve to trifle no longer with his fortunes, he sought his patroness next morning. He saw at once that a shade had passed over the beautiful face, though without rendering it less beautiful.

'Mr. Oaklands,' she said, 'I am glad you have come, for it is so formal to say adieu in writing, and I have hardly time for it even in speech. Papa has received a summons to his brother's bedside, Lord Luxton having been taken suddenly and, I fear, dangerously ill, and we shall be out of town for at least a month. Before we return, we shall have seen your article, and I feel sure that I shall have something pleasant to say on the subject. The portrait?—following his eyes—must wait. It is of less consequence to you than the other; and, in fact, the two professions, or accomplishments, would clash. Good-by, Mr Oaklands,' and she extended her hand. Her voice softened as she pronounced the last words; and her fingers—could it be a gentle pressure which sent that sudden thrill through his frame? Robert did not know; his breath came quick, his eyes dazzled; she was gone.

'So,' thought he, fetching a long breath as he left the house, 'it is over—over—over! Friendless, penniless, hopeless in this walk of life, I must now try another. But for all that, he walked straight to Jermyn Street, thinking, in spite of himself, that something would turn up, some honest job from the picture-dealers, or some expectant sitter, with a guinea in his pocket. Worse and worse. Driftwood had vanished; the contents of the studio were seized for rent, and the door was locked. It was hard that he, who owed nothing, should lose his painting materials, few and of trifling value as they were; but remonstrance was of no avail, and he turned from the house with a bitterness of spirit he had never felt before.

He knew what must be done, but he would not do it till the evening; for although common, it seemed to him, from its associations of vice and misery, a degrading expedient. In the meantime he walked swiftly away in the direction of the nearest boundary of the wilderness of streets. He felt the need of air, for he was choking: the mist of the common was settling upon him. But as he walked, he grew more tranquil, for he looked his fortunes steadily in the face, and became accustomed to them. That evening he would collect a sum to pay the rent of his lodgings, and suffice for his support for the few days that might pass before he obtained employment. The financial object he could attain only in one way: by the hypothecation—a very short time before he would have saidpawning—of his dress-clothes; and as for mechanical work, there was no risk of failure in the quest for that, since he had already, with a view to some such emergency, made acquaintance with a person whose trade

was the finer kind of cabinet-making, and who would be very glad to accept his services, having formed a high opinion of his taste and inventive ability.

It must not be supposed, however, that in becoming more calm he became more cheerful. The crisis that had occurred was indeed a painful one; for, setting his new acquaintance out of the question, it interposed a gulf between him and the old. It postponed indefinitely his prospects of revisiting the Lodge—of seeing again the generous and true-hearted captain—the philosophic Elizabeth—the one whom he had never thought of for a long time after his exodus without a feeling of terror, but who had gradually assumed in his waking dreams the appearance of a faint and distant star, the only light he saw in the heavens.

When he had reached the utmost verge of London, his thoughts were drawn anew to the profession that had so lamentably failed him, by the appearance of a sign-painter perched on a ladder, labouring away at his vocation. Robert drew near with some surprise—perhaps even a little amusement—and himself unseen, watched the motions of the artist. The subject was Robin Hood, and it was boldly and skilfully treated, obviously by one of the great masters in the out-of-doors, line. The painter seemed highly pleased with it himself; getting down every now and then from the ladder to admire it at some paces off, then, after taking a mighty pull at a tankard of porter that stood upon the ground, rushing up the steps, and setting at it again with fresh enthusiasm. Driftwood was here in his element, and obviously very happy, bursting out occasionally with a snatch of song to carry off the steam. Robert considered that high art had much to answer for in inveigling from his business so capital a sign-painter, and he took the liberty with himself of thinking, with an inward sneer, that there might be more Driftwoods than one in the world.

'Why should I disturb the poor fellow,' thought he, 'with news of the catastrophe, if it is still unknown to him? He will hear of it soon enough; and knowing his haunts I can always fall in with him when I choose, should circumstances enable me to be of any use.' So he turned away and left Driftwood alone with his glory.

It was quite dark before Robert returned to his lodgings. Letting himself in with a pass-key he went up, with a heavy heart, the long dark stair, and entered his room. He kindled a match, and then rubbed his eyes, thinking, for a moment that their functions were impaired by the sudden glare. There was no candle to light. His portmanteau was absent—his books—his dressing things; the bed was not prepared to be slept in; the room was cold, formal, and bare, like a room that had advertised for a tenant and was waiting the result. When he had ascertained these facts, the match went out and he was in the dark. The thing was quite inexplicable, for although some weeks' rent was due, the most perfect confidence was reposed in him by his landlady—an elderly widow who made a scanty but certain

income by letting a large house in lodgings, herself and children burrowing in the back kitchen. He groped his way down stairs. There were cheerful family voices on the second floor; the sound of a piano on the first floor; somebody reading aloud in the parlour. In the back kitchen were the widow and her children, all at work of one kind or other.

'What is the meaning of this, Mrs. Dobbs,' said he; 'where are my things?'

'They're gone away, mister,' replied Mrs. Dobbs; 'they were fetched—don't you know?—the rent paid and the lodgings given up.'

'My things taken away and the rent paid! By whom, in the name of wonder?'

'That I don't know, mister. I hope to goodness I haven't done wrong; but it was a respectable porter-like man who came, and he said he was ordered by a lady, a friend of yours; and I thought you knew about it, and that it was all right.' A lady! Robert flushed up to the brow—he knew but one lady in London! But the idea was as absurd as presumptuous. Presumptuous! It was his pretended benefactress who had presumed. But since the lady had turned him out of his lodgings had she provided any other?

'Yes, mister,' said Mrs. Dobbs, 'you have lodgings at the address on this paper—at Kensington Gravel Pits.' The address was not in any hand-writing he knew, and the paper on which it was written could hardly have come from Miss Falcontower. To think, however, was vain, when there were no data to proceed upon; and with a heavy heart, and a foot not the brisker that he had eaten nothing since the sumptuous dinner of the day before, he set out on his new walk of several miles.

When passing through the aristocratic quarter, carriages were rushing about in all directions, for it was the hour of the evening dinner. At one great mansion there was a temporary stoppage of the trottoir. The door was open, servants in livery were seen in the illumined hall, and a handsome equipage was just setting down its freight, consisting of a solitary gentleman. A double line of the passers-by was drawn up, as usual, to see him enter the house; and Robert drew back with mechanical politeness, as he stepped out of the carriage. The gentleman turned his head and their eyes met. It was Mr. Seacole. He seemed surprised at first; but with a haughty stare, he immediately passed on, and entered the house. The door shut; the high-blooded greys pranced and pawed for a moment, and then the elegant equipage dashed away down the street.

Our adventurer walked on to the Gravel Pits again—the Gravel Pits!—the mist of the common blinding his eyes, tightening his breath, and pressing on his heart. Above, around, beneath, all was dark; the whole world was a mass of tumbling vapour, and only a spark of less intense shadow showed the place in the heavens of the pale, faint star.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## GRAND DOINGS AT WEARYFOOT.

The life of Simple Lodge was very monotonous after the departure of Robert Oaklands. Even the look-out from the windows was dull and dreary, as if the locality had fallen back into the condition in which it had been found, at a comparatively recent period, by the enterprise and industry of men. This condition was as desolate as can well be imagined. The distance was many miles from any town, or even any considerable village; on one side a natural wood covered a great part of the district; on the other was an undulating region of sand and gravel; and in the middle, skirted by the lonely road, lay an expanse of level ground overrun with coarse vegetation. From time immemorial this expanse was traversed diagonally by a footpath—the short cut already mentioned—by means of which many generations of wayfarers curtailed a little their dreary journey; and it was owing, probably, to this circumstance that the place came to be known by the appropriate name of Wearyfoot Common.

The first house that arose in the neighbourhood, was the Hall, built by an ancestor—not very remote—of Mr. Seacole. This gentleman bought a pretty extensive tract of land for a trifle, and chose a spot close by the Common for the seat of his family. Gradually some houses of less pretension arose in the neighbourhood, extending in line, with garden enclosures between, along the side of the Common, and simultaneously with them a public-house started up on the opposite side, at the entrance of the footpath, and was immediately followed by a gradually lengthening line of small habitations, known as the village of Wearyfoot. The first built of the range of comparatively aristocratic dwellings, and the nearest to the Hall, was Simple Lodge, so called by the captain, who purchased it on his retirement from active service; and to this house the story now returns, to note what the inmates have been about since it left them.

Sara's heart had been a good deal roused and alarmed by the fit of sobbing into which she was thrown, as she watched from her little lattice the receding figure of the adventurer, and saw rising before her imagination, on the other side of the common, that cold dark world into which he was about to plunge. The contrast between him and Adolphus at their meeting the day before was very unfavourable to the latter, and she trembled at the mistake she had committed in fancying that her deeper feelings had been at all concerned in what she now believed could have been nothing more than girlish gratitude for novel and flattering attentions. She remembered that she had felt the taunts of the heir of the Hall as if they had been aimed at herself, and she reflected with absolute terror upon the encouragement with which she had met his advances. What if no such person as the outcast of the common had been in the way? Why, then, the young lady's allusion would

have lasted till after the honeymoon; and when it was at length dispelled, the moralists would either have blamed her for the fickleness of her love, or have pitied her for throwing that love away upon a man who proved himself unworthy of the boon.

Adolphus called the next day, but Sara was indisposed, and could not see him. He returned on several successive days; but she took care to be constantly in attendance either on her aunt or uncle, and gave him no opportunity of speaking to her alone. But this could not last, for her reserve seemed to have the effect only of fixing the resolve of her lover; and she dreaded that he would increase the embarrassment of an interview that *must* come, by demanding it in the hearing of her relations. While in this state of hesitation and timidity, Molly came running to her one day when she was in the garden, and put a post letter into her hand? it was from Robert. On former occasions, Sara used to fly with the prize to the captain, without waiting to open it till she found him; but now she desired Molly to go and ascertain whether he was in the parlour, and as soon as her back was turned, tore open the seal, and finding an enclosure, a separate bit of folded paper, thrust it instantaneously into her bosom. This was not artfulness: it was instinct.

The letter was about London and its sights—about the writer's confidence of soon obtaining employment of one kind or other—and about his having already found a respectable address for his letters in Jermyn Street. It was soon finished; but then it had to be read again and again; and then the reader had to listen to, and take part in, a long series of comments and remarks; her face all the while flushed with excitement, and the enclosure burning in her bosom. At length she was free; she was in her own little room; the door was locked; even the window-blind was down; and Sara, drawing forth the paper, unfolded it with a trembling hand, and read as follows:—

'I am about to do for your sake what my nature shrinks from: I am about to lay myself open to the suspicion of mean and unmanly motives. You have observed that there is no good feeling between Mr. Seacole and me, and you will naturally listen with distrust to the warning I am about to give you. Be it so. I do not wish you to form your opinion upon mine; I wish you to think for yourself, and for that end to pause, observe, and meditate before coming to a decision.

'To me, he appears to be haughty, selfish, and unscrupulous, and if I am correct in this, you will be able to ascertain the fact by simple observation. The feeling of distrust I would introduce into your mind can do no harm, for you are not only just but generous; while, without that feeling, your guileless nature will be only too apt to receive any impression of his character he may choose to convey. Distrust *me* likewise—distrust even my motives if you will: if I can only induce you to deliberate in a matter of vital consequence to the happiness of your whole life, that will be of comparatively

little consequence. Whatever your opinion of me may be now, I confidently believe that the time will come when you will do me justice—when you will know that I am altogether incapable of allowing any selfish feeling to dictate a communication like this. R.O.’

What sort of epistle it was that Sara expected, we cannot pretend to say, but this one seemed to freeze her very blood, and when she came to the end of it, she sat staring upon the paper, cold, pale, and motionless. Her bosom at length began to heave, and some unbidden tears rushed into her eyes; but dashing these haughtily away, she rose, and—no, not crushed—but folded firmly up the paper, put it away into her desk, and then unlocked the door, drew up the blind, and throwing open the casement, thrust forth her head into the reviving air. At that moment Molly came to tell her that Mr. Seacole was in the parlour, and the captain and Miss Semple having gone out to walk, desired to see her that he might leave a message. Sara obeyed the summons, and descending the stairs with a grave and steady step, walked calmly into the room.

‘This is kind of you, Miss Semple,’ said the young man, clasping her hand, which was neither offered nor refused. ‘I had almost begun to fear that a cloud had come between us which it would be impossible for me to dispel. But I wanted nothing more than to see you alone, to find myself on the same footing of friendly confidence as formerly, placing as I do the most devout reliance both on your justice and generosity.’

‘So far as justice is concerned,’ replied Sara, making a faint attempt to smile, ‘you are right; but unless conscious of a crime, why do you plead for generosity?’

‘I am conscious of a crime—or, at least, of what will appear in passionless eyes like yours to be so. Oaklands and I never understood each other, for there was nothing in his cold, hard nature with which I could sympathise; but, so far from bearing ill-will against him on account of old school jealousies, it was often one of my dreams that I would some day use the influence of wealth and rank in helping on in the world a protégé of your family. When I saw him in this house, however, when I learned from the talk of the neighbourhood that he was your companion from morning till night, when he came into the room where you were sitting without thinking the ceremony necessary of even putting on his coat—I confess that jealous anger extinguished for a time every generous feeling in my breast. I taunted him with his origin—the very circumstance which, if I had been in possession of my senses, must have rendered jealousy impossible; and I need not say how deeply the shame I felt immediately on leaving the house was aggravated by my recollection of your upbraiding look.’ Adolphus spoke with unctious; his manner was warm and frank; and Sara thought his explanation at least probable—and all the more so from his so truly characterising the nature that could have dictated the hard and cold style of that well-intended warning!

But although they were soon on frank and friendly terms again, the warning had its effect; for Sara, in spite of herself, recognized a sort of authority in Robert. She felt that in this case he must have been deceived in his estimate of character, and yet she could not imagine how such a thing was possible. There was, besides, nothing mysterious now in her feelings towards Adolphus; and when he would have renewed the wooing to which she had so recently listened with only too obvious pleasure, she checked him with so much gravity, mingled with so much kindness of manner, that the young man was silenced without being offended.

‘It may have been a mere trifle,’ said she, ‘that made me pause to think; but when thoughts come, there is no stopping them. My dear aunt is even more ignorant of the world than myself, and I am but a poor, motherless girl, with only my own scant wisdom to direct me. My friendship you have: it is all I can at present bestow. We do not know each other well enough for anything else, and perhaps never may, for your majority approaches, when you will doubtless enter into the world, like other young men of fortune. Go, now, Mr. Seacole, and when you reflect coolly on what has passed, you will feel that I am right. We shall be happy to see you here as often as you can spare the time. For the present, adieu.’ Adolphus accepted the congé, and went away more in love than ever, and perhaps not quite dissatisfied with the result of his visit.

Several times that day the warning was read anew, and by degrees Sara became more reconciled to its manner. The origin of the writer, it appeared, from what Adolphus had said, rendered jealousy of him impossible. Might not Robert have felt something like this himself? How could a moneyless, friendless, most solitary, yet high-spirited adventurer, on just setting out to push his fortune in the world, write otherwise to the near kinswoman of him to whose bounty he owed everything? But did he not write otherwise? Did not his heart betray what his pride would have concealed? Did he not say that he exposed himself to the risk of what his nature abhorred *for her sake*? This was a text on which Sara expatiated with the ingenuity of a village divine, whose seventeenth and lastly is eked out with interminable improvements on the whole; and in a few days she had reasoned herself into a condition to reply to the communication in a style as passionless as its own. ‘I have read your warning,’ said she, in a private postscript to a public letter, ‘not in the cold, stern words in which it is conveyed, but with reference to the context of your whole bearing towards your thoughtless and ignorant pupil. The “happiness of my whole life,” however, not being at present, so far as I know, at stake, I look upon it as a general, not a particular lesson, and shall try to beware of forming an opinion on any subject without due deliberation.’

Here the private correspondence between these young people terminated. Robert’s sub-

sequent letters were of the varied complexion which one acquainted with his fortune might expect. Now, he told hopefully of his engagements with the picture-dealers, and anon of his determination to shun every connection with so equivocal a business. Then he spoke of his new trade of portrait-painting, giving humorous anecdotes of the sittings; interspersing the whole with hints of the stirrings of his literary ambition, and glimpses of the high life to which he had been introduced, and of the hopes it had raised—and overthrown. In fine, his communications became briefer and less promising, till he announced calmly his intention of seeking, in some mechanical employment, that certainty of a living which he found he could not obtain in any of the higher departments he had tried.

These communications were the *events* in Sara's history during the period; but in the midst of these there came one of another kind, which smote the still life of Wearyfoot like a tempest. This was the coming of age of the heir of the Hall, and the festivities with which the fortunate occasion was celebrated. It would be vain to conceal the interest and delight with which Sara looked forward to this great day—to the only entertainment she had ever been at since her girlhood grander than tea, toast, and twaddle at the rector's. Every day brought some new report of some unheard-of magnificence in coloured lamps, triumphal arches, and flags; and many an anxious thought did her dress cost her, for her wardrobe was by no means extensive, and she knew only too well the soundings of the captain's purse, of which she was herself the sole manager. The handsomer frocks she had received during her uncle's comparatively wealthy days were of no use, for the last tucks were out long ago, and it was impossible to stretch the fabric. Fortunately, however, the most elegant and becoming of all dresses, and one that never looks poor, is the cheapest; and Sara determined that her white muslin should be in the latest fashion of Wearyfoot, and that it should be so beautifully made by her own dainty fingers, that not Cinderella herself could have looked finer at the ball.

And she was right there, this young country girl; for when she made her appearance in the parlour of the Lodge on the appointed evening, with her snowy drapery so ample, yet so exquisitely arranged, and her glossy hair parted in plain braids upon her forehead, and surmounted only with a wreath of laurel leaves, she looked like a Greek statue that had come alive, and by mere contact classicised its modern dress. Nor was she without adornments of another kind, for there hung on her queenly neck a double string of oriental pearls of great value, that had belonged to her mother, and her full white arms were clasped with bracelets, likewise of pearls, but differing from each other in shape. When Sara entered the room, the captain rose from his chair with a flush of surprise and pride; nor were her feelings very different on beholding her uncle, for she now saw him, for the first time, in full mil-

tary costume, with his breast hung with medals; and—facial appendages and all—she thought she had never seen so perfectly soldier-like a man. As for Elizabeth, thanks to the nimble fingers of her niece, one of the glorious satin dresses of her youth had been modernised, and having an ample stock of jewellery, the presents of both brothers, she made quite a rich appearance, and one not out of keeping with the air of antique virginity that was over all.

The captain was proud of his sister, proud of his niece, and proud of his own red coat; but there was something wanting to complete his satisfaction.

'Poor Bob!' said he, looking from one to the other—'if he was but here to see us now!' Sara grew as pale as her own pearls, but the next moment her eye caught the reflection of her figure in the opposite mirror, and she flushed over brow, neck, and bosom. The idea of his seeing her now, it seemed, was not disagreeable, and it perhaps more than balanced for the time her anxiety about him, for when she cast down her eyes, and remarked that it was time to go, a demure smile might have been seen playing at the corners of her mouth.

Molly now came in to announce that the lantern stopped the way, and her great eyes seemed to dilate with joyful surprise as she contemplated the trio. She was terribly demonstrative, was our Molly; and finding no other way to relieve her admiration, just as Sara was going out of the door, the last of the three, she snatched her hand behind, and kissed it vehemently. She then rushed to the front with the lantern—for that was the state held by the grandees of Wearyfoot—and the captain giving his arm to the two ladies, the inhabitants of Simple Lodge set forth for the grand soirée.

The whole affair was very imposingly managed. The costly bronze gates were thrown wide open, and a triumphal arch reared overhead, composed of branches, flowers, and intermingled lights. The trees of the fine avenue interlaced their branches at top, and this leafy vault was thickly hung in its whole length with coloured lamps; and when the visitors emerged upon the lawn near the house, the whole building was seen to be one blaze of light, every window being lavishly illuminated. Sara felt a kind of awe mingle with her delight, and when they were laying down their wrappings in the cloak-room, she almost envied the demeanour of her aunt, who looked as composed as if she was merely throwing off her shawl at home after a walk. But when their names were shouted from the bottom of the stairs, and echoed by the servant on the landing-place, as he threw open the drawing-room door, the eyes of the country girl dazzled, and she found herself, she hardly knew how, leaning on the arm of Adolphus, and led up to his mother.

Although Sara, however, was in some sort confounded by the novelty of the scene, she took her revenge by confounding in her turn not a few of the company. Her style was so



new, that is, in the adaptation of the dress to the head, air and motion—she was so severely classical, yet at the same time so warm in youth and youthful beauty, that they did not know what to make of her.

'Who is she?' ran in a buzz through the strangers to the neighbourhood.

'The niece of Captain Semple,' replied some of the young men, 'and the finest girl in the country.'

'She is an heiress,' said some of the young ladies—you may see that by the costliness of her pearls, and the affected simplicity of her cheap muslin gown.' Adolphus saw everything, heard everything; he watched both eyes and words; and with an impetuosity which in reality did not belong to his character, he gave himself up openly to the service of the star of the evening. Since his last private conversation with Sara, he had greatly relaxed in his attentions, rarely availing himself of her general invitation to call; but now the opportunity had come for which he waited, and in the midst of the splendour, hurry, and flattery of this fortunate evening, he hoped to gain her heart by turning her head.

'That is so kind and condescending of your dear son!' said the doctor's innocent lady to Mrs. Seacole, who stood observing them from a distance. 'But indeed it is not a cheap muslin she wears, for to my certain knowledge it was bought at Simpson's in the village, and, therefore, you know, it must have cost at least a penny, if not three-halfpence a yard more than if she had gone for it with ready money to the town.'

'Oh,' replied Mrs. Seacole, 'your good-nature will make it out to be very costly; but there is your niece, with the richest satin in the room—what a deal of money that must have cost!'

'I admit,' said the lady modestly, 'that it is a superb satin.'

'And yet Adolphus doesn't look near her, any more than if she was dressed in sackcloth!' But although Mrs. Seacole turned smilingly away after demolishing the doctor's wife she was not exactly easy. Her son seemed bent upon committing himself perhaps that very evening, and it was absolutely necessary that she should ascertain what were the real prospects of this charming girl. If she could but get the captain, to whom she had become more accustomed, into a snug, private conversation, she was sure she could worm out of him everything she wanted; but she was somewhat afraid of the philosophical Elizabeth, who was always putting in her 'hypotheses,' as her brother called them, and the two had been sitting together ever since they entered the room.

'Fancourt,' said she, addressing a fashionable-looking man, a cousin of her own—there is Miss Semple, sitting beside her brother, that hairy officer with so many medals and things—I wish you would pay her some attention. Come, and I will introduce you.'

'I'll ask her to dance.'

'O no, don't; I never saw her dance.'

'You'll see her now then: mark if I don't trot her out.'

Mr. Fancourt was as good as his word: for to the great surprise of Mrs. Seacole, Elizabeth assented at once to the proposal, as if it had been a matter of course, and stood up to a quadrille as composedly as she would have sat down to a game of whist. When Sara observed this from a distance, she was thrown into absolute dismay, for she had never seen her aunt dance, and was sure she must be acting through mere absence of mind. But the painful feeling was soon at an end, for Elizabeth glided through the tame, passionless movement with her habitual composure, and even with a certain old-fashioned elegance, which, with her rich dress, tall figure, and waxen features, now suffused by the exercise with a faint colour, attracted general and admiring attention. Everything went on well with our trio. Elizabeth was dancing with the most fashionable-looking man in the room; the captain was in familiar tête-à-tête with the hostess; and Sara, assiduously waited upon by the hero of the evening, was tripping away with some other young people, to throw on their wrappings and go out upon the lawn to observe the effect of the illuminations.

The group strolled about for some time, talking, laughing, and admiring; but when they came into the shrubbery, which was traversed by several paths, they gradually separated into committees, and by and by, in a pause of her animated conversation with Adolphus, Sara was surprised to find that they were alone—not even within hearing of their companions' voices. He made no objection to their returning; but the paths were intricate, and she was not slow of perceiving, that he was her master for the time, and determined that she should listen. Indeed, during the whole evening, there had been an impetuosity in his manner of addressing her, which at times she could ascribe only to his having, on this grand occasion, drunk more wine at dinner than usual.

'See,' said he, when they had gained the summit of an eminence in an open glade, 'there is the Hall close by; look at yonder hoary wood—those distant corn-fields—those great pastures—and here and there the dwellings of the tenantry: all these are mine, and it will cost you but a single word to make them yours! This night I am my own master, and I use my power only to throw myself at your feet;' and literally kneeling on the ground, he seized both her hands and covered them with kisses. Sara was neither alarmed nor indignant: she was full of remorse for having encouraged a delusion so terrible, and it was with many tears she tried gently but firmly to dispel it. Adolphus sprang to his feet.

'Tell me,' said he imperiously, 'do you love another?'

'I answer no such question,' replied Sara, collecting herself, 'and no question at all put in such a tone.'

'There is only one you *can* love, for you have no other intimate in the world; and he is a born vagrant, and a beggar from his infancy to this day.'

'The individual you allude to,' said Sara,

with the look of indignation he had seen before, 'entertains towards me, I trust, the feelings of a brother to a sister; and he, at least, whatever his circumstances may be, has the soul of a gentleman!'

'Forgive me, Sara,' cried Adolphus, half reassured and half ashamed; 'forgive me, Miss Semple, for I am mad! if you will only promise not to decide at once; if you will give me a week—a month—a year—but at the moment some one thrust in between them, and Mrs. Seacole, taking an arm of each, exclaimed with a laugh:—

'Foolish children, you must not be playacting any longer in the night-air! Come, a run, or you will take cold!'—and she dragged them down the slope of the eminence. Presently they met some others of the company coming towards them; and Sara, glad that Mrs. Seacole released her arm, escaped into the middle of the group.

'Adolphus,' said the mother, drawing her son into another avenue, 'what have you done?'

'Nothing as yet; but'—

'Hear me. She is a beautiful girl, that cannot be denied; but I have learned all about her, and she is simply the niece of a half-pay captain, and the daughter of a merchant in so paltry a trade, that he could leave his only child—the heiress, as she is called—what do you think?—just two thousand pounds! Now, your estate is respectable, but nothing more, and what you must look for in a wife is either money or rank.'

'But I cannot and will not retract. I have asked a question, and must receive the answer.'

'Plenty of time for that, my dear boy. There are some of the first people in the country here to-night, and you will receive invitations from all the world. We have now visits to pay, you know, in different parts of the country, and we shall get to town just as the season commences. Come, you have a brilliant future before you: have more spirit than to stay moping here for the sake of a pretty face.'

By this time Sara had rejoined her party, and found little difficulty in persuading her uncle and aunt not to stay supper, but to retire at once from a scene that was becoming tedious. It was harder to get Molly away, who, ever since their arrival, had been displaying her Terpsichorean accomplishments in the servants-hall, among the other lantern-bearers, and the whole respectability of the lads of the village—including, of course, the baker's son.

After the fete, things gradually subsided into their usual tranquillity at Wearyfoot. Sara could almost have imagined that her adventure had been nothing more than a waking dream, for nothing whatever occurred to remind her that she had been formally invited to become the mistress of the Hall, and that the entreaty with which the scene had concluded, incomplete in itself, remained wholly unanswered. In the meantime, the history of Robert, as related in his letters, went on from bad to worse, till at length came the announcement we have mentioned, that he must sink into a mechanical

employment for his daily bread; and then followed a silence, long, drear, and ominous.

What were the reflections of the young girl at this time, as day followed day, and week followed week, without bringing a line to say even that the unlucky adventurer was alive, or that, if so, he still retained, in the midst of manual drudgery, any recollection of her; whether she regretted the precipitation with which she had rejected the brilliant fortune that had been placed within her reach; or whether her heart still clung to its first phantasy, unconscious of anything else—it would be difficult to tell. Sara, however, was young, and comparatively new to society, and perhaps it might be fair, in such speculations, to give her the benefit of ignorance and inexperience. At all events, she heard, without any visible emotion, that Adolphus and his mother had left the Hall for some considerable time, and concluded, from their bidding good-by by means of P. P. C. cards delivered by a servant, that they did not consider themselves to be on terms of familiarity with the family of the Lodge.

But the dreariness of the time was broken a little, when one day Molly came to her young mistress, with her face radiant with smiles, and astonishment more visible than ever in her great round eyes. She had a large square letter in her hand, sealed with a wafer, which, although well intended for the middle, had missed its mark, and lay sprawling at one side, half within and half without the fold.

'What is this?' said Sara; 'the letter is addressed to you, Molly; why don't you open and read it? You know you can read now very well.'

'O miss, I can't this time! O it's the first letter I ever had—pray do, Miss Sara, read it to me!' Sara complied with a smile, which was soon changed to a look of interest and anxiety. The letter ran thus:—

'DEAR MOLLY!—This comes hoping you are well, myself being the same. O Molly, I have so much news to tell, if the ironing did not put me out; but, thanks be to goodness I have a good business as a Clear-starcher; and it cost me a pretty penny to buy it, I can tell you, and intends, next week, to have a light-cart and a nice horse, to send to wait upon ladies. But O, Molly Jinks, to think of what has come to pass! As soon as I settled down in the gravel-pits, I went to call upon my cousin in Charming Street, to inquire about you know who—and I went at the right time. The stoozyoh was seized for rent, and Master Robert without a place to paint in. But I managed as cunningly as the Countess of Picklesteifel herself. I knew it was no use offering him money, for although I went on my knees to him at the Lodge he would not take ten pound; so I sent a decent man to his Lodgings, who paid his rent, left the address, and carried his things clean off to the pits.

'How Master Robert stared when he came, and saw it was me! How he shook me by both hands, and how he then sat down in a chair, away near the door, and turned his head that I might not see the tears that had risen into his eyes! But he soon fetched to, and we had

supper, and gin and water—it's all gin in London—and such despicable ale!—and he went out the next day, and got fine cabinet-work, and is as steady and respectable as if he was not a gentleman at all, and, in spite of my very soul, pays regular to the last penny for his board and lodging. But see if I don't get him to go out at night in his gentleman's clothes!—and see, when the horse comes, if he doesn't ride round the Park of a Sunday with the best of them! It will come to pass, Molly Jinks, depend upon it. Remarkable things happen in London at night; and the Park is the place where all the great folks go; and Master Robert has a family face that will be known at a mile's distance. But you will hear all in good time, Molly; so no more at present from your most obedient well-wisher,

MARGERY OAKLANDS.'

'P. S.—Molly, I could not send this when it was written for the clear-starching. But only think? Master Robert has written forty pages in print in a large quarterly, and so far beyond me, although you know I am a great reader, that I can't make head or tail of it. When the book came, I could not get him to be proud of it—he was quite down-hearted; but I tried to cheer him up a bit, telling him that although the Captiving and Miss Simple were no great scholars, Miss Sara would read it to them aloud, and understand every word, and be as proud of it as a peacock. O my! if you had seen the start he gave, and the flush of his cheek, and the blaze of his eye, and how he walked up and down the floor for an hour together like any Trojan. Think of that, Molly! But it has

done him good—he is now cheerful, more hopeful, more like what he was when I used to peep through a chink of the door to see him dancing with Miss Sara, and the chair, and you, Molly. *Don't tell this to Miss Sara on no account, mind that: I have a reason.'*

Sara had read the letter with a pale and anxious face; but the postscript sent the hue of all the roses in the garden into it. For some time after she was very unquiet, bouncing from one end of the parlour to the other on the slightest errand, and then forgetting what she had to do, till at length Molly, who was standing by the water-butt at the side of the house, saw her come suddenly out, and glide into the garden like an apparition. Presently she heard from among the trees at the further corner what might have resembled a prolonged scream, but for its musical intonation. 'Tril-il-il-il-illa!' went up the song, laden with the odours of the flowers, and steeped in the hues of the sky. 'Tril-il-il-il-illa?' and the birds startled at first, joined unconsciously and spontaneously from every tree in the heart-chorus. 'Tril-il-il-il-illa!' and the leaves seemed to glance and quiver to the strain, the fleecy clouds above to move and mingle, the face of nature herself to change, as if there was a new heaven and a new earth.

When the performance was over, Sara returned to the house, soft, tranquil, and self-possessed; her lustrous eyes not so brilliant as before, but sweet and tender, yet resolved; and her unquiet footfall, though still light and glancing like a sunbeam, as steady and devout as the step of a pilgrim or a martyr.

## HOT NOON.

### I.

THE winds are hush'd, the clouds have ceased to sail,

And lie like islands in the Ocean-day,  
The flowers hang down their heads, and far away

A faint bell tinkles in a sun-drown'd vale;  
No voice but the cicada's whirring note—  
No motion but the grasshoppers that leap—  
The reaper pours into his burning throat  
The last drops of his flask, and falls asleep.

### II.

The rippling flood of a clear mountain stream  
Fleets by, and makes sweet babble with the stones;

The sleepy music with its murmuring tones  
Lays me at noontime in Arcadian dream;  
Hard by soft night of summer bowers is seen,  
With trellised vintage curtaining a cove  
Whose diamond mirror paints the amber-green,  
The glooming bunches, and the boughs above.

### III.

Finches, and moths, and gold-dropt dragon  
flies

Dip in their wings, and a young village-daughter

Is bending with her pitcher o'er the water;  
Her round arm imaged, and her laughing eyes,  
And the fair brow amid the flowing hair,  
Look like the Nymph's for Hylas coming up,  
Pictured among the leaves, and fruitage there;  
Or the boy's self a-drowning with his cup.

### IV.

Up thro' the vines, her urn upon her head,  
Her feet unsandal'd, and her dark locks free,  
She takes her way, a lovely thing to see,  
And like a skylark starting from its bed,  
A glancing meteor, or a tongue of flame,  
Or virgin waters gushing from their springs,  
Her hope flies up—her heart is pure of blame—  
On wings of sound—she sings! oh how she sings!

FRED. TENNYSON.

DEATH BY BEING BEAT WITH SAND BAGS—  
Boccalini *fu sacchettato* for his Pietra di Parrangone. The Spaniards beat him with sand bags so severely that he died in a few hours. Vigneul-Marville says that this mode of murdering is an Italian invention. It seems like Italian ingenuity of wickedness, but it is practised in Portugal.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## SIRIUS.

## A FAIRY TALE.

No gode man ought it to refuse,  
Ne ought him thereof to excuse,  
Be wrothe, or blithe, who tho he be,  
For I wol speke, and tell it thee.

CHAUCER.

It was no laughing matter, let me tell you, to offend the Emperor Peter.

A courteous knight was making bows to the emperor's daughter; the emperor's daughter was sitting at a window of the palace; when the emperor's dog jumped out of his kennel, and bit the stranger in the leg. The courteous knight was his high mightiness the Prince of Candia.

The Prince of Candia was cast into prison because he had broken two ribs of the emperor's dog. Every day, at six P.M., together with his dinner, a fierce mastiff was left with him in his cell. He was condemned to fight with dogs for every miserable bone. Now, to say nothing of the danger, there is a great deal of monotony in such a task as this. The daily barking, snarling, yelping, howling and confusion of a dog-fight at dinner-time must become, in a few days, highly disagreeable; and as the dead dogs were never carried away, the prince's after-dinner duty was to bury them. He had to dig each grave with his knife, and fork, and spoon—the only instruments in his possession,—and after a time it became necessary to inter the dead one over the other. This is a worse mode of burial than any dog deserves.

The Emperor Peter, at the same time, very much surprised his subjects by shining out among them in the new light of dog-fancier. The fate of the illustrious prince was a state secret. It was known that the emperor's yard-dog had two ribs broken; that was at once known, because every part of a nation must be always interested in the health of any member of the royal family. It was known that the emperor bought up all the large and strong dogs which were brought before him; and that, after they had once been purchased, they were no more seen. It was said at the clubs and believed in well-informed coteries, that the Emperor Peter was making researches, in order that he might become skilled in the treatment of his wounded favorite. That his high mightiness the Prince of Candia was shut up in his prisons the emperor did not wish any one to know or to suppose. Peter was to his empire as a wife, or husband, quite tyrannical at home, blander than milk abroad. Candia was a powerful kingdom. If any child held out its fingers,

it might tweak the emperor's nose, but if it looked alarmed about the blackness of his beard, and the bigness of his whiskers, it would have at once the thrashing it deserved. His imperial highness, like a prudent statesman, picked his quarrels; by which I mean, that whenever he thought it safe to be indignant, then indeed it was no laughing matter to create occasion of offence.

The emperor's daughter lived in four chambers of the palace, out of which she had never been allowed to pass. No tutors had been suffered to approach her, and her handmaidens had been chosen from among the most unlettered women of the city. The emperor did not intend to have a daughter who would presume to cross him with opinions of her own. It was a child's business to obey; and when one commands unreasonable things, it is really most vexatious to discover a rank and file of obstinate disputations, blocking up the path to their performance. The emperor's daughter was destined from her birth to be of great advantage to her father, by the contracting of some marriage which would add to his honor and glory. To herself also, such a marriage would be, of course, a great piece of good fortune. Therefore they had omitted no care which could tend to make her beautiful; and in spite of patchings, paintings, herb-vapour-baths, cosmetics, and internal sulphur, she really had become a lovely woman. She was a great fancier of birds; and because the emperor's dog had killed many of her pigeons, when they alighted innocently near its kennel, she did feel that her gentle bosom warmed with a sense of joy when the offended stranger broke the ribs of that unfriendly beast.

The emperor's dog—its name was Towza—suffered severely from the kick it had received. Notwithstanding the great skill by which the court physician was distinguished, notwithstanding all the consultations of the faculty, one morning Towza died. In the evening, the Prince of Candia was doomed to suffer by the bowstring. In the afternoon, however, he was missed from his prison, so that there was nobody to strangle but the gaoler. Nevertheless, it was not fair to make the gaoler answerable for his prisoner, because, in the days of magic, it was unreasonable to expect anybody to be responsible for anything. The gaoler had sent in the prince's dinner, and, as usual, a dog. How was it possible for him to know that, directly the dog got inside the prison-door, it would be transformed into an elephant, and would, in that shape, swallow up the prince; that then it would assume the body of a gnat, and fly

out of the dungeon window with the said prince cupboarded snugly in its belly? Such were the facts; it was a kind fairy who had played this dog's trick on the emperor.

Well, but there are also unkind fairies. A morose old creature, named Korspatza, spun a web between the sun and moon, in the centre of which she sat like a great spider, ready to catch the gnat as it flew lightly upward. The gnat was entangled in the magic web, and writhing under the old spider's poison-fang.

'It is not my desire to hurt you,' said the old fairy to the gentle Suzemunda. 'Give me the Prince of Candia, and I will let you go. If you will not do that, I shall cause the sun's heat to flow into my web, and it shall be to you for ever as a red-hot grid-iron.'

Suzemunda left the prince in the net, and flew away.

The fairy Korspatza, still wearing her spider's dress, then seized the Prince of Candia between her nippers, and, fixing a thread to one horn of the moon, let herself down with her victim to a cave upon the surface of the earth.

There are some human beings uglier than any spiders. The fairy Korspatza did not improve in appearance when she resumed her proper form, and stood before her prisoner. The cave, in its interior, was very clean, the walls were smooth and highly polished, so was the floor, so was the ceiling. There was no furniture visible; a fairy who is fond of tidiness never requires to have a litter in her house. Korspatza stamped upon the floor, and there arose a sofa, upon which she proceeded to recline at ease. She did not knock up a chair or stool for Sirius, (that was the prince's name) but threw one of her shoes into a corner. Immediately there sprang up where the shoe had fallen, a wood-fire and a monkey; the monkey picked up the shoe, and hastened to replace it on the fairy's foot. Korspatza delayed him while she pulled out one of his eye teeth, and then gave him a rap upon the head, which sent him through the floor directly.

The wood-fire filled the room with smoke, and set the fairy barking with a cough. Every cough, as it resounded against the walls, instead of echoing back again, fell to the ground, shaped like a pair of bellows. A wholesale bellowsmaker might have made his fortune by exporting the produce of Korspatza's coughing fits. Obedient to this hint, Sirius took up one pair of bellows, and immediately the others disappeared. Sirius began to blow the fire, but was exceedingly annoyed to find that, instead of breathing

with a quiet puff, the bellows barked like half-a-dozen dogs. If the prince blew quietly, the dogs would only moan—if he blew with more than usual vigor, the dogs seemed to be, all six of them, savagely quarrelling together. The fairy Korspatza, however, dozed upon her sofa, and did not seem to be at all disturbed by the confusion.

In the meantime the fire began to blaze, and all the smoke with which the cave had previously been filled, collected into a small dense cloud near the ceiling; it parted into a vague shape, shot out four prolongations like the four legs of a spectral cow, and then a fifth, like a short, curly tail; gradually it condensed, took a form more and more distinct, until at last a dog—the very image of the emperor's dog—fell with a loud bump upon the pavement.

'I will have that dog for my supper,' said the fairy, with a lazy drawl. 'Cook it; here is the sauce.' Thereupon Korspatza threw towards the prince the monkey's tooth. A large dresser rose out of the ground to intercept it in its fall. 'Wake me when supper is ready.' So saying, the fairy went to sleep; and there stood the prince before a dresser, provided with knives, skewers, plates, dishes, and a monkey's tooth. The dog was upon the floor beside him, and the fire burned brightly in a corner. Not only was the prince no cook, but he had never even seen a kitchen.

The fairy being now asleep, Sirius, in the first place, looked about the cave to ascertain what means of escape he could make use of. There was no door, there were no windows; he found that he was boxed up in a perfect cube with Korspatza. While he was looking about, he heard the cracking of a whip, and, what was worse, he felt its thong upon his shoulders. He could not see by whom it was applied, and as he still felt it incessantly, he supposed that this must be a hint from the old fairy, who depended for her supper on his diligence in cooking. Angry with pain, he resolved to try whether he could not smother the old woman. Several times he endeavoured to come near her, but between him and her there seemed to be erected an impenetrable wall, not to be seen, but to be felt more acutely than the whip; it seemed indeed to be a judicious compound of the prickly aloe with the terrible loaas.

'Well,' thought the prince, 'I suppose I must begin upon my dog. It has to be skinned certainly, and I am sure that I shall scalp the creature with the greatest pleasure.' Accordingly he put the dog upon the dresser. The whips ceased from their labour, and the prince, taking up a knife, began his scalping operations. At the first cut, the dog began to yell, leaped up, and bit him in the hand.



'This old lady ought to give her cook good wages!' cried Prince Sirius. 'Now, what am I to do?'

In a great rage he took the dog up by the tail, and having given it a good preliminary swing, flung it with much force into the fire. 'Now, cook yourself!' he cried. But instantly the cave was full of smoke; the smoke gathered into an over-hanging cloud; there was the spectral cow contracting, and the dog bumped again upon the floor beside him. Prince Sirius put his hands into his pockets, and looked down upon the creature with a spiteful countenance. He felt the whips again upon his back. Again he lifted up the dog, and recommenced the scalping. He continued with his work in spite of all resistance; but he made no progress, because, as he removed the skin in one place, it began to unite again over the part with which his knife had last been occupied. Sirius chopped off the dog's head. The consequence of this proceeding was, that a new head budded from the headless body, and a new body grew out of the trunkless head. There were now two dogs, who attacked the prince so savagely, and with so terrible a noise, that the old fairy was awakened. She turned on one side lazily, and looked towards the prince. 'I see,' said she, 'Well, you may cook me the pair of them.' And then she went to sleep again.

The prince's hands again dived down into his pockets—down to the very bottom. But he cried, 'Ah!' and pulled them out again. In a corner of one of them, he had discovered something of which he had until now been wholly unaware. Together with his knife, his purse, the tip of a tongue, some string, some stick-peppermint, and a bunch of keys, there was a something three-cornered. It proved to be a small note of pink paper, and directed, in a lady's writing, *To the Prince Sirius*. He opened it, and read it:

'My dear Prince,—I do not sacrifice you selfishly. I know what that wretch K. will do. You will find this note from your friend, and we shall both escape. If you draw the dog's eye-tooth, and put the monkey's in its place, all will be well. You can escape with the bones of the goose. Ever yours,

SUZEMUNDA.'

Sirius was delighted for a minute, although he was puzzled by the allusion to a goose. Then he remembered that there were now two dogs. Suzemunda had not calculated upon that. However, the prince did all that could be done,—faithfully drew the tooth of one dog, and put the monkey's tooth into the empty socket. Then he felt no more whips upon his back; the knives and forks and plates upon the dresser began to labour of their own accord. The other dog was

attacked straightway by a set of table-knives, who chopped him up into small pieces, put him into a stew-pan, and called an iron hook to take him to the fire. The first dog was more delicately dealt with; carefully trussed and spitted. As it turned before the fire, its outline melted into a new form; and before the fairy was awake, the whole of the processes of cookery were ended. Before the fire were two dishes; one of them contained a beautiful roast goose; in the other there was a rich and fragrant stew. The kitchen utensils then all darted up towards the ceiling, where they ran together in the form of a huge dinner-bell. On this, there rang a noisy peal, while the dresser below changed into a well-furnished dining-table. Then the fairy yawned, and stretched herself, and sat up on the sofa.

'Supper is ready,' said the prince.

'Dear me, and so it is!' exclaimed Korspatza. 'Very well. The stew is your dish; I will eat the goose. Come, and sit near me.'

A chair rose up on the spot to which Korspatza pointed, and Sirius sat down as he was bidden.

'The stew is very good,' said Sirius, after tasting a mouthful.

'Is it?' said the fairy. 'You princes know good living; so I take your word. Hand me the dish.'

Korspatza ate up all the stew.

'May I trouble you, madam, for a little goose?' said Sirius.

'I have set my heart on a goose supper,' said the fairy. 'You may pick the bones when I have finished.'

Korspatza left no meat upon the bones; and after so full a meal, slept very soundly on her sofa.

'What do I want with these dry bones,' thought Sirius; 'but I will remember the advice of Suzemunda. These must be the bones she mentioned in her note.' Sirius therefore put the goose-bones into his pockets. Soon afterwards he fell asleep. Presently he dreamed that he was being covered alive with a pie-crust of putty, and awoke shivering. He found himself in the grasp of a soft, limp being, who was feeling about his pockets.

'What is the matter?' asked the prince.

'Give me my bones,' replied the being.

The being tumbled about in a flaccid, powerless manner; and it was evident that he had not one bone in his body.

'I will not give you your bones,' said Sirius. 'Who are you?'

'I am an earth spirit. In my bones lies all my strength. I was transformed that I might tease you. Restore my bones, and I will serve you faithfully.'

'By what will you swear to me?'

'By nothing. Spirits have no need to swear. Only men or worse beings ever think of uttering a falsehood.'

'I will trust you, friend,' said Sirius; 'here are your bones.'

The being vanished, and soon reappeared, clothed with his former strength.

'By what name shall I call you?'

'I am the earth spirit Marl. Since you have trusted me, I will deserve your trust. I hate this old Korspatza, but she has still some power over me. Will you remove those ashes?'

The wood-fire had burned down to a few glowing embers. Sirius swept these on one side.

'Tread upon the floor, master,' said the earth spirit.

Sirius did so, and a door leapt open, disclosing a large box.

'Open the box,' said Marl; 'I have not power over it. What do you see?'

'A quantity of hair in lockets.'

'Now, O prince!' exclaimed the spirit, 'if you are generous, burn all these. If you will, however, take them to yourself. In each locket is the hair of a giant or earth spirit, and by possessing them, you can retain many of us subject to your bidding. I need not tell you that the meanest spirit is too proud to be contented in a state of bondage. A lock of my hair is among others in that box. Keep the lockets and you compel us all to serve you; burn them in those ashes, and we are all set free. If you keep mine, I then must serve you by compulsion; burn mine together with the rest, and I shall serve you through free will.

'I have no wish to be ungenerous,' said Sirius; 'so I will burn them all.'

'Thanks, prince,' replied Marl. 'And what would you like me to do to this old witch?'

'Her loss will be enough for her to suffer,' Sirius said, as he raked the embers over all the prisoned locks of hair.

As they burned, shouts of a mighty laughter and of great rejoicing thundered through the cave, under the sound whereof its walls were split, and crumbled into dust. Sirius closed his eyes, greatly bewildered. When he opened them again, he stood under the warm sunshine, on a mountain side. The sunshine was quite warm, although the rain was falling in a summer shower; and the rain soon ceased. The grass and the trees sparkled, the very clod was contributing its fragrance to the burden of scents with which the slow-footed breeze was laden. Bugle notes sounded in the wood below, to which the prince was listening, when suddenly a stag leapt up the hill, an arrow after it; and after that a single huntsman galloped forward

in pursuit. When he came near to Sirius, he checked his course, and swore a loud oath. Sirius started to the horse's bridle; it was the Emperor Peter.

'Hollo!' said the Emperor Peter.

'Holla-ho!' cried Sirius.

The emperor blew on his bugle to call together his attendants. The prince shouted for Marl. Marl was the first to come.

'Can we change shapes?' asked Sirius.

'At once,' said Marl.

Sirius sat on the emperor's horse, and looked like Emperor Peter. Emperor Peter stood below, and struggled, in the shape of Sirius, to pull the horseman down. The train of attendants in a short time came upon the ground. Emperor Peter was carried home for a madman, and placed in a lunatic asylum, where he was compassionately treated. Sirius finished the stag-hunt, and rode home in state.

Early the next morning, Sirius proclaimed, in the name of the Emperor Peter, that whereas he had in his past reign been guilty of much oppression and injustice, and whereas he was now most heartily ashamed of this, and whereas he intended in the days to come to introduce into his government a better spirit, and in consideration of the greatness of the intended change, he did now determine, ordain, appoint, command, and institute it as a law, that thenceforth he should be styled and entitled Emperor Peter the Second, his former self being considered dead.

Peter II. accordingly devoted himself with much energy to the reformation of abuses; and, as Peter I. had only been three years upon the throne, it was found possible in six years' time to bring the state once more into a fair condition.

You may be sure that Sirius did not long delay a visit to the beautiful daughter of the Imperial House. Her beauty filled him with delight; her ignorance possessed him with dismay. He did not fall in love with her, because she had no sense, and there is no filling one's belly from an empty dish, although it be of gilded porcelain. But the reformed emperor determined that his mismanaged girl should be set free from her restraint. A hundred teachers were engaged to fill her head with knowledge, but the more they talked, the more they puzzled her. At length, the more they talked, the more she slept over their talking. What could be done? Sirius called for his friend Marl to help him. Marl could do nothing, but suggested an application to the fairy Suzemunda. He had been to her, he said, to thank her for her former aid, because he had found her note; in fact, Sirius had given it to him by accident when he restored the bones. Marl

talked about Suzemunda very warmly. 'Go, then, good fellow,' exclaimed Sirius. Marl went. He had made himself rather familiar with the way, and came back with a box of lozenges. 'The wise teachers must eat these—that is my message.' Accordingly, to each of the wisest teachers was administered a Suzemunda lozenge. Now the big books were shut, and the old book-worms pointed with their inky hands to the sea, the sky, the earth. With lively utterances, they revealed to the young princess, out of the stores of their knowledge, the delights and mysteries of Nature. History acted its deeds before her on their lips. Strange nations lived and spoke to her; and as she spoke to them, she learned their language. Knowledge no longer crushing fancy, was upborne upon its wings into the sky. All truth walked majestic, crowned with the wild olive garland, victor in every contest, flattered with the music of a thousand sweet triumphal songs. Intellect stamped with the first and last grace the maiden's lovely countenance. Her soul was awakened, and had begun the singing of its deathless melodies. Whoever walked beside her, felt that holy thrill.

'Now,' said the Prince of Candia to the Emperor Peter, who had been for six years ruling his mock empire in a lunatic asylum, 'Now,' said the prince, 'your kingdom is in order; your subjects love you well, and your daughter is a being whom no man can be wise enough to love sufficiently. The course of time has made me King of Candia, —Emperor Peter you shall be again, and I will again be Sirius, on two conditions. The first is, that you give me your daughter to be my wife, if she be willing; and the second is, that you continue the government as I

have established it, obeying the counsels of the prime minister whom I shall leave. He is the spirit by whose power you are now transformed, and he will work you good or evil, as you merit either at his hands.'

Emperor Peter was glad to escape on any terms from Bedlam. He kept his own counsel, and continuing to receive credit for the goodness of his government, soon found that it was more pleasant to gratify his reason as a good man, than to gratify his passions as a bad one. So he became good on principle at length, and was a bosom friend to honest Marl.

Sirius courted the emperor's daughter in his own person, and having in the course of another year or two obtained her reasonable love, he married her. The fairy Suzemunda, who was present at the wedding (Marl was there too), told the princess all her husband's story. This he had himself not thought it right to tell, because he wished her father to have all the credit of her education. That Suzemunda did not wish. But when Suzemunda afterwards told the king and queen of Candia about the old woman Korspatza —how, since she had lost her fairy power, she had been living miserably in a hut, and how she was at that moment suffering under a painful disease, they did not rejoice as the good fairy expected and desired. Suzemunda had some spite about her, for she was a little annoyed when the king and queen sent nurses and doctors in a post-chaise, with orders that the old woman was to be tended kindly. But the consequence of this kindness was, that Korspatza (she was too obstinate to drink any of the medicines) recovered, and lived to become a very amiable person. The story ends with that, the most surprising of all transformations.

## SOW HEMP-SEED.

DO MARTYRS ALWAYS FEEL PAIN?—Is it not possible that an exalted state of feeling—approaching perhaps to the mesmeric state—may be attained, which will render the religious or political martyr insensible to pain? It would be agreeable to think that the pangs of martyrdom were ever thus alleviated. It is certainly possible, by a strong mental effort, to keep pain in subjection during a dental operation. A firmly fixed tooth, under a bungling operator, may be wrenched from the jaw without pain to the patient, if he will only determine not to feel. At least, I know of one such case, and that the effort was very exhausting. In the excitement of battle, wounds are often not felt. One would be glad to hope that Joan of Arc was insensible to the flames which consumed her: and that the recovered nerve which enabled Cranmer to submit his right hand to the fire, raised him above suffering.—*Notes and Queries.*

*"Sow hemp-seed among them, and nettles will die."*

So TAYLOR the Water-Poet, in his Praise of Hemp-seed:

"Besides, this much I of my knowledge know,  
That where Hemp grows no stinking weed can  
grow;

No cockle, darnel, henbane, tare, or nettle,  
Near where it is can prosper, spring, or settle;  
For such antipathy is in this seed

Against each fruitless undeserving weed,  
That it with fear and terror strikes them dead,  
Or makes them that they dare not show their  
head.

And as in growing it all weeds doth kill,  
So, being grown, it keeps its nature still;  
For good men's uses serves, and still relieves,  
And yields good whips and ropes for rogues  
and thieves."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, The Pursuit of Truth, and other Subjects.* By Samuel Bailey. New edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields.

*Turkey and the Turks.* By J. V. C. Smith, author of "a Pilgrimage to Egypt," "a Pilgrimage to Palestine," and "Letters from Ancient Cities of the East." Boston: James French and Company.

*History of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha;* translated from the Spanish by Motteux. A new edition, with copious notes; and an Essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes. By John G. Lockhart, Esq. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 4 vols. 12 mo., well printed on good paper, after their manner.

[This edition of Don Quixote is an exact reprint of that edited by Mr. LOCKHART, and published in five volumes at Edinburgh, in 1822. It was then that the translations of the Spanish Ballads first appeared, and although Mr. Lockhart did not place his name on the title-page, he is well known to be the translator of the Ballads, and to have edited the edition. We give from Blackwood's Magazine of June, 1822, by way of preface, a notice of Mr. Lockhart's notes and criticisms, and the character of Motteux's translation:

"We have had in England no less than four distinct translations of the best of all romances, and none of them bad ones; but it strikes us as something very strange, that until now we should never have had any edition whatever of any one of these translations, containing notes, to render the text intelligible. The few miserable scraps, commonly found at the foot of the page, in the editions either of Smollett or Motteux, are not worth mentioning. The text of Don Quixote, full as it is of allusions to history and romance, remained, to all intents and purposes, without annotation, comment, or explanation; and of course, of the readers of Don Quixote, very few ever understood the meaning of Cervantes. A thousand of his happiest hits went for nothing; and a Spanish reader, with a translation of the bare text of Shakespeare in his hands, had just as good a chance to understand Shakespeare, as the English reader had to understand the author, who, though writing in a different form, is, perhaps more than any other the world has produced, entitled to be classed with Shakespeare.

"This great blank has now been ably and fully supplied; and the English reader is in possession of an edition of Don Quixote, not only infinitely superior to any that ever before appeared in England, but, so far as we are able to judge, much more complete and satisfactory than any one which exists in the literature of Spain herself.

"The text used is that of MOTTEUX, and this is, we think, out of all sight, the richest and best—although the editor himself seems to hint, now and then, something not unlike a

partiality for the much older version of Shelton. Shelton's Quixote is undoubtedly well worthy of being studied by the English scholar; but it is far too antiquated an affair to serve the purposes of the English reader. That of Motteux is, if not so literally accurate, quite as essentially and substantially so; and Motteux, the translator of Cervantes and Rabelais, possesses a native humour which no other translator that we ever met with has approached.

"The notes read continuously, and without reference to the text they so admirably illustrate, would form a most delightful book. Indeed, what can be more interesting than such a collection of rare anecdotes, curious quotations from forgotten books, and beautiful versions of most beautiful ballads? Printed in a volume by themselves, these notes to Don Quixote would constitute one of the most entertaining *Ania* in our language, or in any other that we are acquainted with. But, above all, to the student of Spanish, who attacks the Don in the original, they must be altogether invaluable, for Cervantes's allusions to the works of Spanish authors, particularly his own contemporaries, are so numerous, that when Don Quixote appeared, it was regarded by the literati of Madrid almost as a sort of Spanish *Dunciad*."]

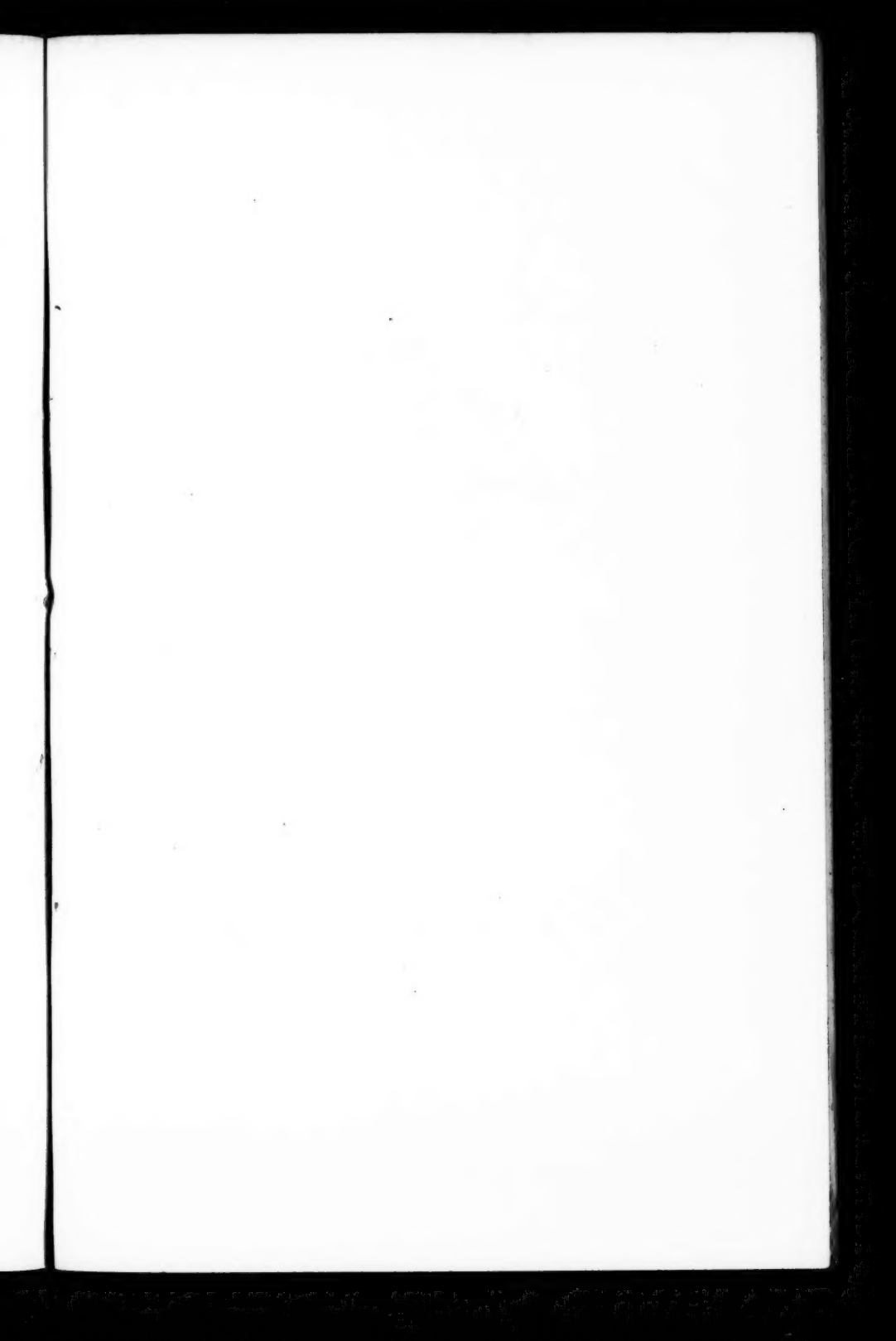
Ide & Dutton, Boston, have published two very necessary Maps: *The Black Sea and the Baltic Sea*. They are on a large scale; engraved on copper and colored. Price 25 cents each.

*Myrtilla; a Fairy Extravaganza, in one Act.* By George Edward Rice. *Blondel, a Historic Fancy; in two Acts.* By the same author. Both published by Ticknor, Reed and Fields, Boston.

*Outlines of Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time.* Translated from the German of Dr. George Weber, Professor and Director of the High School of Heidelberg. By M. Behr, Professor of German Literature in Winchester College. Revised and Corrected, with the addition of *A History of the United States of America*. By Francis Bowen, A. M., Professor in Harvard College. Third edition. Jenks, Hickling and Swan, Boston.

[This is a handsome octavo volume, and in a concise manner gives a general history, which is so valuable as to be worthy of a place in every family and school library.]

THE CARIBS AND THEIR WIVES.—The women of the Carib Islanders had, according to LAFITAN, a language altogether different from their husbands. He has not referred to his authority. There is however no reason to doubt the fact; and the inference is, that the Caribs were a race of conquerors, who took no women with them when they left their original country. Their wives never ate with them, never called them by their names, and served them in all things like slaves.







H.C. Crockett sculp.

J. Brown del.

*"In defiance of the law."*

